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FRANCIS FISHER BROWNE.

1843–1913.

"The dedication of a man's life and whole mind to a cause,—there 's heroism." *Meredith.*

"Strongest minds
Are often those of whom the noisy world
Hears least; else surely this Man had not left
His graces unrevealed and unproclaimed.
But, as the mind was filled with inward light,
So not without distinction had he lived,
Beloved and honoured—far as he was known."
Wordsworth.

Something less than three weeks ago there died in California the man who conceived, projected, and for nearly a third of a century conducted this journal. His death has occasioned little comment outside the circle of those who in one way or another came in direct contact with his personality. Like all sensitive and finely-grained natures, he made no claims for himself, preferring rather to work obscurely for high ends than to gain popularity at the slightest cost of lowered standards. He belonged distinctively to the older editorial school,—the genial and scholarly and urbane type which, as long as Mr. Howells and Mr. Alden are with us, cannot yet be termed extinct. Such men make little noise in the world, and are seldom widely known in their own day; but posterity has a habit of finding them out. It cannot be doubted that in the rolls of the future the name of him who has just left us will be found with that small but shining company of whom Curtis and Norton and Stedman are perhaps the chief recent exemplars,—the men whose lives were given with quiet steadfastness to advancing the interests and enhancing the honor of culture in America.

Francis Fisher Browne was born at South Halifax, Vermont, on December 1, 1843. His parentage, on both sides, was of the purest New England stock. His line ran back to Puritan days, and his forebears followed the fortunes of Washington in the Revolution. The blood of "John Brown of Osawatomie" flowed in his veins, and on both his paternal and maternal sides he inherited a love of personal freedom and a literary tendency which dominated his life. His father, William Goldsmith Brown,

was a poet of unusual gifts, the author of two poems which are very widely known — "A Hundred Years to Come" and "Mother, Home, and Heaven"; and his uncle, the Rev. Nathan Brown, was a linguist of world-wide reputation and one of that intrepid band of New England missionaries who carried the word in a practical way to the farthest corners of the earth. It was Nathan Brown who first (in 1874) gave the Japanese their versions of the New Testament and our grand old English hymns, the translations being his own, set up and printed by his own hand at his little press in Yokohama.

Early in Mr. Browne's childhood, the family moved to Western Massachusetts, where the boy went to school and learned the printing trade in his father's newspaper office at Chicopee. As a lad of eighteen, he left the high school in answer to the government's call for volunteers, serving for a year with the 46th Massachusetts Regiment in North Carolina and with the Army of the Potomac. When the regiment was discharged, in 1863, he decided to take up the study of law. Removing to Rochester, N. Y., he entered a law office in that city; and a year or two later began a brief course in the law department of the University of Michigan. He was unable to continue in college, however, and returned to Rochester to follow his trade. Here, in 1867, he was married to Susan Seaman Brooks, who, with nine children (six sons and three daughters), survives him.

A strong hereditary tendency toward literature had already asserted itself, and immediately after his marriage he came to Chicago with the definite intention of engaging in literary work. It was assuredly arid and stony soil that he chose as a field for his labors. The gigantic young city — even now after immeasurable cultural advances a byword for materialism in the mouths of many — was at that time a veritable hotbed of philistinism. Zeal in commercial activity was its only rule of action, pride in commercial success its only ideal. The hope of establishing in such an environment any successful appeal in behalf of culture and the spirit must have seemed forlorn indeed; yet he was not deterred. Casting about for an opening he soon discovered that the only journalistic pretender in the field of his ambitions was "The Western Monthly," a newly-established periodical which, though crude and floundering, yet held some elements of promise. Becoming associated with this venture, he at once began to impart a new and dignified character to its pages, as well as new energy to its business management. With the fuller establishment of his control he rechristened the magazine, — the word "Lakeside," now so familiar and widely-used in Chicago, being first employed in the new title, "The Lakeside Monthly." The best writers throughout the West were gradually enlisted as contributors; and it was not long before the magazine was receiving from nearly every quarter outside of Chicago itself the most flattering recognition. But along with this increasing prestige came a series of extraneous setbacks and calamities. In 1870 a fire destroyed the magazine's printing-office, with its subscription list and entire current edition. Publication was at once resumed, however, after the lapse of a single issue only. Then a year later came the historic fire of 1871, in which the whole of Chicago's business section was consumed, and with it every visible asset of the magazine. But the intellectual force behind it was unsubdued; and after a brief delay the magazine once more arose from the ashes. The financial panic of two years later, which swept out of existence so many enterprises far more firmly based, was weathered by the indomitable resolution of a man determined upon success. But these definite catastrophes were of less significance, as affecting the periodical's destiny, than were certain constant and more subtle discouragements that now began to gather strength. Without means himself, even for a comfortable livelihood, its proprietor had continually to appeal for support from men to whom his own idealistic aims and purposes meant little or nothing. The financial backing of the enterprise was in consequence always upon a slender and precarious basis. Worst of all, ill-health — a heritage of army days aggravated by the constant toil and anxiety of ten years — began to gain the upper hand. At a time when the magazine was practically self-sustaining and its prospects brighter than they ever had been in the past, a complete physical break-down made its suspension imperative. Thus came to an end "The Lakeside Monthly," from that day to this the most creditable and distinguished magazine ever published west of the Atlantic seaboard.

The six years immediately following, from 1874 to 1880, were largely spent in a search for health. During part of this time, however, Mr. Browne acted as literary editor of "The Alliance" (then a prominent and influential weekly journal), and as special editorial writer for some of the leading Chicago newspapers. But his mind was preoccupied with plans for a new periodical — this time a journal of literary

criticism, modelled somewhat after such English publications as "The Athenæum" and "The Academy." In the furtherance of this bold conception he was able to interest the publishing firm of Jansen, McClurg & Co.; and under their imprint, in May, 1880, appeared the first issue of THE DIAL, "a monthly review and index of current literature." At about the same time he became literary adviser to the publishing department of the house, and for twelve years thereafter toiled unremittingly at his double task-work,— conducting not only the editorial but also in large measure the business affairs of THE DIAL (to every number of which for several years his pen was the chief contributor), besides reading and revising book manuscripts, consulting with authors, and coming intimately in contact with those myriad details that go to make up the publishing business. But THE DIAL was then, as always, his chief concern; and it was his constant wish to devote his entire time to its interests. He realized, too, with increasing force, the disadvantages to an independent literary journal of association with a book publishing house. Thus it was that, in 1892, negotiations were completed whereby he acquired Messrs. McClurg & Co.'s interest in the periodical. It was enlarged in scope, and made a semi-monthly; and from that time to the present has appeared uninterruptedly under his guidance and his control.

Besides his writings in THE DIAL and other organs of publicity, Mr. Browne is the author of a small volume of poems, "Volunteer Grain" (1895), and of "The Everyday Life of Abraham Lincoln" (1886). He also compiled and edited several anthologies,— "Bugle Echoes," a collection of Civil War poems (1886); "Golden Poems by British and American Authors" (1881); "The Golden Treasury of Poetry and Prose" (1883); and seven volumes of "Laurel-Crowned Verse" (1891–2). The preparation of the "Lincoln" and the compilation of "Bugle Echoes" involved the carrying on of a personal correspondence that would appall the stoutest heart even in these days of the typewriter and other mechanical aids; but it was all done with his single pen, without the aid even of an amanuensis. His anthologies and compilations, though undertaken almost of necessity to eke out the scantiest of incomes, were carried through with a minute care and painstaking fidelity such as seldom go into work of this sort. His revamping of the publications of his firm amounted in many instances to practical authorship; and a noteworthy instance of this was the tremendous task, carried on in the midst of his daily literary and business labors, of rewriting from a crude word-for-word English rendering the six volumes of Topelius's "The Surgeon's Stories." He rewrote, in similar fashion, a translation of Holger Drachmann's "Poul og Virginie under Nordlig Bredde," published as "Paul and Virginia of a Northern Zone." He had just completed a thorough revision of his "Everyday Life of Lincoln" at the time of his death — which occurred in Santa Barbara, California, on May 11.

He was one of the small group of men who, in 1874, founded the Chicago Literary Club; and for a number of years past he has been an honorary member of that organization, as well as of the Caxton Club (Chicago) and the Twilight Club (Pasadena, Calif.). During the summer of 1893 he served as Chairman of the Committee on the Congress of Authors of the World's Congress Auxiliary of the Columbian Exposition.

Such are the principal facts in the life of Francis F. Browne. They reveal even to the most casual interpreter a career of strenuous and unwavering endeavor in the interests of culture. But their full significance can only be grasped by those who realize the conditions and environment in which that life-work has been carried forward. Ill-health and poverty and sudden catastrophes were the least formidable of the forces against which he contended for little less than half a century. More powerfully deterrent than all these combined was the spirit of the time and the place of his labors — the all-pervading materialism to which intellectual concerns were chiefly clap-trap and high purposes moonshine. In Boston or Philadelphia or New York, he could scarcely have failed to achieve the highest journalistic honors in a decade or so; in Chicago his name is even now known only to comparatively few. But the harshness of the conditions only enhances the glory of the achievement. In Chicago he established and conducted for several years the one literary magazine comparable to the best that the East has produced; in Chicago he established and conducted for a third of a century the foremost American journal of literary criticism — the only journal of its class that has survived in *any* section of the country. We would not imply that he has accomplished these things single-handed; his immediate helpers have been able and devoted, and in later years he has not lacked practical support from some of those who have the cultural interests of

Chicago most at heart. But he has been always the captain and standard-bearer of his own forlorn hopes; upon him has fallen the brunt of the battle, and with him must rest chief honors for whatever of victory has been attained.

Of the man's personality, it would be futile to attempt any complete delineation here. Happily the task is made in large part superfluous by the portrait which is contained in this issue as a supplement. One need not be a student of human nature to read in this face the essential characteristics of the man,—the kindliness and sincerity and fearlessness, the mingled strains of gentleness and strength, of idealism and practicality, of frankness and reserve, of tolerance and pride. Dowered with that best of all inheritances, the New England conscience and ideals, he held faithful to these through fifty years of struggle and discouragement, of ill-health and poverty. The "gradual furnace of the world" tempered and refined but never crumbled his spirit. It is amazing how even those with whom he came most casually in contact felt and retained the impress of his powerful personality. Those who knew him intimately invariably loved him. Poor as he always was in material things, he was rich beyond most in all that ministers to the spirit—in friendships, the love of nature, the appreciation of literature, kinship with little children and with the humble of earth. His feeling for poetry was of a sort that now seems almost extinct in the world. Few have ever possessed such stores of it in memory; few could recite it so well. With all the best of English and American verse he was thoroughly familiar; but his favorites—Wordsworth, Matthew Arnold, Burns, Byron, and Tennyson—he knew literally "by heart." For Arnold—the one poet, as he used to say, who never told untruths—he had probably the strongest affection. Indeed, his character and habits of thought were in many ways closely akin to Arnold's. He had the same love of the normal, the sane, the democratic; the same abhorrence for the fantastic, the far-fetched, the esoteric. "The wonder and bloom of the world" moved him as powerfully as they did Arnold; crudity and rawness and ugliness, whether spiritual or material, revolted him no less strongly. His was the same "sad lucidity of soul," and no less determinedly than Arnold he

> "Wrought to erase from its depth
> Mist, and illusion, and fear."

But along with this underlying seriousness went a vein of the purest humor. There were not many things that he loved better than a hearty laugh with a friend; there were not many situations so tense that he could not relieve them by an apt anecdote or a witty analogy. Herein he resembled Lincoln as strongly mentally as he did in physical appearance.

Simplicity, sincerity, courage, persistency,—these were the predominant notes in his character. Almost equally marked, however, was a certain faculty of analytical insight which enabled him to realize at a glance, as it were, the true bearings and relationships of things,—to arrive almost intuitively at the essential truth of a situation or a problem. This, in the ordinary concerns of life, seemed only a sort of inspired commonsense. But in the larger field of public affairs it amounted to an instinctive passion for justice which placed him constantly with the minority, but seldom led him astray. When four innocent men were legally sacrificed in Chicago to a public stampede of fear and revenge, he did all that one man could do to prevent the wrong. When the American press was hounding Governor Altgeld to death, he prepared for one of the English reviews a detailed vindication of the man and his official acts, which, flouted as it was at the time of its appearance, now squares in nearly every statement with the generally accepted estimates. The sophistries by which our newspapers sought to justify the needless war with Spain did not blind him for a moment; our misguided policy in the Philippines moved him to ceaseless protests from the first. These are but a few of many instances. Scarcely one of his judgments on the political events of his time has not since been verified; scarcely one of his prophecies has failed of fulfilment. He was not one of those who could be silent when injustice was at work; nor did he ever wait for his own thought to be echoed back to him by the crowd before speaking his mind.

If the professional career of this man is to be fairly understood and appreciated, something must be said here of his chosen work with direct reference to its processes rather than its results. These processes are in the main occult to the general public. There are many popular conceptions of an editor's duties,—ranging from that of a numerous class who take him to be the person who addresses the wrappers in which they receive their paper, to that of a still more numerous class who picture him as one immersed in the tranquil absorption of literature varied by occasional intervals of composition. The reality is as far removed from the one as from the other of these innocent conceits. The edi-

torial life is in actuality an endless round of correspondence and consultation, of proof-sheets and manuscript, of revision and recasting and recreating, of eternal vigilance for the present and ceaseless thought for the future, of tact and foresight and intuition in many varying relations. But it is a life by no means devoid of satisfactions and compensations. There is the joy of discovering latent talent, of encouraging and directing the efforts of young writers; there are the enduring friendships that grow up out of the associations formed. Of the wearing, thankless drudgery of this life no one ever had more full or bitter experience than the editor of "The Lakeside" and THE DIAL; but of its compensations, such as those we have named, he had also as full a share as any.

A lover of the countryside, loathing turmoil and discord, caring beyond all else for peace and the cultured amenities of life, his lot was cast in the noisiest and least spiritual of all great cities. With the temperament of a poet and recluse, he was called upon to grapple incessantly with the sternest practicalities. Ill-health dogged him remorselessly, from the time he left the army to the day of his death. Poverty walked always at his elbow. Yet none of these circumstances ever gained the upper hand of his will, or ever turned him from his purposes. Through a long and troubled life, he never struck sail to a fear, either from without or from within.

We have come to the end. Much that should be said has been omitted, and all that is said should have been set down more forcefully and eloquently. But with the sense of irreparable loss still fresh upon us, it is difficult to write as we would. Perhaps the portrait, and the tributes of his friends which follow, will fill the gaps and repair the weaknesses of this sketch. The simple essence of it all, for us, is that we have lost our leader, and know not how to go on with the fight. But it is impossible to feel that his spirit has been wholly withdrawn,—that his far-seeing judgment and dauntless will are no longer to direct our efforts. The inspiration of that life will surely continue to support us in carrying forward the work which he began, though he himself be no longer a visible presence.

> "O strong soul, by what shore
> Tarriest thou now? For that force,
> Surely, has not been left vain!
> Somewhere, surely, afar,
> In the sounding labour-house vast
> Of being, is practised that strength,
> Zealous, beneficent, firm!"

FROM THOSE WHO KNEW HIM.

We are glad to share with our readers a few of the many tributes to the memory of FRANCIS FISHER BROWNE that have reached us during the past two weeks. The short unsigned paragraphs are in nearly every case extracts from letters received from contributors to THE DIAL.

Great causes moved him early, as the child
And sire of poets moves. Seeking not fame,
But liberty for others, bright the flame
He lit, a lad, at War's fierce torch and wild.
This fadeless faith was his, kept undefiled
Unto the end, its loveliness his aim
Through all discouragement. Whatever came,
His soul was his to spend, though fools reviled.

And nobly was it spent! The stripling boy
A soldier battling for the eternal right,
Detesting war, yet glad in such a fight:
The fearless man, in all good finding joy:
He leaves an undimmed memory of light,
Friendship, and justice, Time shall not destroy.

WALLACE RICE.

"His memory is a precious possession to us all. Such men belong to the 'saving remnant' of which Arnold wrote so eloquently; they help save us from the vulgar and the unworthy. Francis Browne never went with the great crowd either in politics or literature or religion. His keen sense of the real values in life kept him apart from the loud and scrambling multitude, and made him an inspiration to all persons of fine and heroic ideals. THE DIAL, which he founded and conducted so long, has been a distinct force in our higher civilization. He had one gift which I have never known equalled, and which probably was not possessed in the same manner by any other person of his time,—I mean his prodigious capacity to absorb and repeat the best lyric poetry. His mind was a veritable anthology of all the best short poems in English and American literature. He did not have to memorize a poem as most of us do in order to retain it: he got it by a kind of spontaneous absorption, and it apparently required no effort of memory for him to recall it,—it had become a part of the vital current of his life. I verily believe that without any apparent effort he could recite the greater part of the poetry contained in his selection called 'Golden Poems.'

"And this wonderful capacity to retain the poetry of other people did not stand in the way of his producing many fine poems of his own. His father before him was a poet, and the sacred fire gained rather than lost in the keeping of the son. But I cannot do justice to his many rare gifts in this hasty letter. I have lost a dear friend, and every person who cherishes a high and worthy ideal has lost a friend also."—JOHN BURROUGHS.

"None of his friends was more truly and proudly his friend than I, or could have valued him more for those spiritual, intellectual, and moral qualities which in their peculiar concord rendered him unique in his time and place."— W. D. HOWELLS.

"As one who enjoyed his intimate friendship for thirty years, and was during that period in almost daily association with him, it seemed to me that the most striking characteristic of Mr. Browne was his independence of judgment. This was displayed in matters of personal and public, no less than in those of literary, concern. I remember that once in the early days of our friendship we were speaking of a man conspicuous in public and social affairs — the sort of man who sees that his name is kept well in the public eye, and who is regarded as a pillar of society — when Mr. Browne, a twinkle in his eye, asked me: 'Do you know that old seed?' It sounded irreverent, and I was almost shocked for the moment, but I soon realized that it was precisely the estimate that had long been lurking in my own consciousness, and that I had never had the courage to express. From that time on, I acquired the habit of judging men, not by their repute, but by what was disclosed to my own discernment. It was his life-long habit thus to appraise character with his own eyes, and to reduce the artificially magnified personality to the scale of normal humanity. The popular author, the rhetorical clergyman, and the noisy politician, all underwent this searching scrutiny, and were considerably deflated in consequence. Concerning one of the latter class, who has since become much noisier than was even then to be anticipated, he said just twenty years ago, when asked for an opinion: 'I have long considered him a pest.' It was said with such deliberate finality that there could be nothing to add, but it left his hearers rather aghast, because it ran so utterly counter to the popular estimate. In his views upon public affairs in which a moral issue was involved, he was intransigeant, knowing that 'one with God is a majority,' and holding, with Ibsen, that majorities of the numerical kind are nearly always wrong when they pronounce upon the heated themes of current politics. Among the subjects which roused him to the hottest indignation were the outrage of the protective tariff, the shameful refusal of the Federal government to grant copyright to English authors, the selection of Blaine to be the standard-bearer of 'the party of moral ideas,' the truculent Venezuelan message of President Cleveland, the wicked war with Spain, the subversion of our most cherished national principles in the subjugation of the Filipinos, and the brutal disregard of our national honor shown by the exemption clause of the Panama Canal act. Thus he was ranged among the free traders, was active in the work of the Copyright League, became a despised mugwump in 1884, and an anti-imperialistic 'traitor' in 1898. When the national protest against our Philippine policy was crystallized in the Central Music Hall mass meeting in Chicago, Mr. Browne was one of the leading spirits in the demonstration, and he was one of the most forceful members of the Indianapolis Convention held in 1900 to urge the cause of Filipino independence. I was working side by side with him in all these matters, and know how firmly they held possession of his mind and conscience, and how unswervingly he kept his moral rudder true through all these stormy years."

"I have never known another man who so inspired me to great thoughts and true living in combination. It seemed of him as of Chaucer's good parson — 'first he wrought and afterward he taught.' My visits to the office of THE DIAL through many years, and the many letters — not long but to the point — that he wrote me, concerning books or on abstract topics, have led me to know 'a Brahmin of the Brahmins' — a man made in the mould of Abraham Lincoln, whom for so long he so much resembled, yet having some of the finer and more delicate lines of personality more fully carved. I feel that a great light has gone from my own personal pathway, but even more that Chicago and the Mississippi Valley, and in truth the whole nation, have lost one of the truest and noblest preachers of truth and righteousness."

"He was the noblest man I have ever known, the bravest and most humanely human. . . . Ever back of his relentless eye for injustice and charlatanry, there was a Jovian knowledge of the impermanence of all evil, and the assured, though sorrowfully delayed, triumph of the only eternal things, Love and Truth and Beauty. . . . He was, though his modesty and lack of assumption kept it from most, Chicago's leading citizen — the man who, when the real history of the time is written, will be known for what he was, a Pharos in a sea of gloom through a long formative generation."

"He seemed to me the ideal of a type of American scholar that we most need. His genial and yet reserved urbanity, his quiet forcefulness,—above all, the pure, strong character that seemed to shine through him and illuminate his work, have had their influence upon the group of men whom he gathered about him, and upon American letters in the larger sense. Locally, he has done more, I believe, than any other man in Chicago to take away the reproach of our city's rampant commercialism, and to bring about an appreciation of the better things of life. THE DIAL has been a veritable beacon light."

"It is hard to realize how much we shall find lacking in life now that he is gone. . . . It was he that advised the collection of my scattered sheets and to publish my first book, and it was he that gave me courage to go on when I was doubtful about doing so. . . . There must be a great many who feel as I do that the world is richer and fuller for having known him and for having had the wonderful advantage of his wise and calm judgment."

"Among all the men I have ever known I can recall no one more open-minded or having clearer vision, no one more inflexible in adherence to all that is good, more truly appreciative of everything fine and uplifting. But beyond all these qualities was the charm of his personality. He was a man one could not know well without loving. There is no one whose friendship I valued more highly, and for me the world will be a less desirable place without him."

"Such a passing means much even to those who never saw his face or heard his voice, but who had come to rest upon his sound scholarship and critical judgment, and who loved the strong and beautiful use he made of the English language, whose purity he so zealously guarded."

"It was never my privilege to meet him, but his kindly and helpful letters, his encouragement at a time when encouragement was precious to me: these I shall never forget."

"I never met him but once, and then only for a half hour; but from my twenty years' association with him in THE DIAL, I had come to have a feeling of personal affection as well as high respect for him. Strength and gentleness must have been blended in him as they are in few men. And I believe that few men in America in recent times have done a more important work — a work, indeed, considering the circumstances, almost incredible. How many in this country have tried to establish a journal of pure criticism — and he alone succeeded!"

"My acquaintance with him was virtually restricted to a fifteen-minute chat in his office two years ago; but even in those brief minutes I was greatly impressed with his large sympathy and a mellow wisdom that did not seem quite of the twentieth century."

"He was a man of a sort the world has too few of. What he did for sound literature in founding THE DIAL is incalculable in this Philistine Age. It is his monument."

"Though the fates seem to have decreed that we should not see each other face to face, I have a deep sense of the loss of a personal friend. I have a number of letters from him, each having its personal touch, as though written to someone to whom he was related by something far more than a mere professional tie. And THE DIAL, as it has come to me, has always made me feel that it bore a personal message."

"To anyone who had the privilege of knowing him, even as slightly as I did, his death means a very real loss. He will always be remembered not only as the father of THE DIAL, but as a man of rare scholarship and charm."

"I feel glad and honored to have known him, even if only by correspondence. From the first (which is now seventeen years ago or more) I was impressed with his high ideals in his chosen vocation, his delightful and always kindly humor, his unfailing patience and courtesy with the shortcomings of young contributors, and his mastery of terse and aptly expressive English. More than once I have noted with admiration the deft editorial correction in my own manuscript. . . . His loss will be felt as a personal bereavement by more than can be counted."

"I esteem it a great privilege to have been permitted to coöperate with him even in a slight manner. The brief notes which he has sent me from time to time I shall cherish. He served a noble and beautiful ideal. Such a life is a suggestion to take courage."

"I am impressed by the value to a hurried age of his steadfast and true adherence to a purpose. In an environment in which slowness is a ban, and time reduced to a monetary standard, a *Dial* pointing to the permanent values in which true progress is recorded and reflected is the most serviceable of public regulations."

"He has, through THE DIAL, done more than anyone else to keep me alive and out of a rut."

"Ever since I have known him, he has seemed to me to be Sidney's pattern of a gentleman — one of 'high-erected thoughts seated in the heart of courtesy.' His loyalty to reason and conscience, unabated valiancy, and gentle humor have made his friends and the world richer during many years."

"While my acquaintance with him was comparatively slight, he inspired me as he did everyone with the greatest respect for his wide sympathies, his high tone, and unfailing poise. It was a great achievement to establish the purest literary journal in this country, and to do it in the camp of the Philistines."

"I have long thought of him as standing with Mr. Alden,— the last representatives of a long line of scholars and gentlemen of that elder, perhaps finer, day."

"More truly than Oliver Wendell Holmes, he was the 'last leaf' of that magnificent cluster."

"He did so much necessary and important work that no one else seemed able to do, that we can hardly hope to find another like him. All men are unique in some measure; but he, standing out in the history of the intellectual life of our time, will I think appear especially and peculiarly so."

"This is rather a moment in which to rejoice that for so long we had that fine spirit with us and that he was spared to fulfil his unique function in the upbuilding of our culture. A history of American literature that does not accord him recognition will be incomplete."

"An honored friend, a great force for good life and literature, a true and noble man, has entered into the higher life. He won a high place in American life by his exquisite taste, his sound judgment, his gracious spirit, and his untiring devotion to the best that is written."

CASUAL COMMENT.

THE INTELLECTUAL APPEAL IN LITERATURE meets, of course, with far less ready response, the world over, than the sensational, or the sentimental, or the erotic, or many another of a considerable remove from the appeal of the highest order; but it is far from being a negligible factor among the qualities that yearly cause so many thousands of books to find purchasers and readers. Mr. R. A. Scott-James, in a scholarly dissertation on "Popularity in Literature," published in the May "North American Review," divides the reading public into five classes, but without claiming that these classes are exhaustive or mutually exclusive. They consist, "firstly, of those, whose love of sensation is satisfied by violent incident; and secondly, of those who are especially susceptible to the sentimental appeal. To a third class belong those who take pleasure in the agitations of sex feeling; and to a fourth, those whose sense of humor is tickled by the sallies of the literary clown. The fifth class — a very large one — consists of those who are of a habit of mind to be excited by sensations which can be associated with religion and morality." Then he adds: "It is useless to name as a sixth class those who are moved by intellectual ideas, for so small a class is not the objective of the popular author." This is too pessimistic a view of the reading public's literary tastes. Unquestionably Eugene Sue and Mrs. Southworth and Josh Billings have had more readers than Friedrich Hegel and John Addington Symonds and Walter Pater; but if Mr. Scott-James's sixth class is as inconsiderable as he avers, how account for the large circulation attained by such authors as, for instance, Oliver Wendell Holmes and, in his historical writings, John Fiske, not to mention Ruskin in a somewhat earlier time, and Macaulay in one still more remote? This cultured sixth class is far enough from being of vast dimensions, but signs are not wanting that its size is respectable and is increasing.

* * *

A BOOK-TESTING LABORATORY, properly organized and equipped and operated, would be of as great use in its way as is the laboratory for testing the strength or purity of materials used in the industries and arts. Such an institution, to be known as a Bureau of Review, will some day be established in the interests of book-buyers, and especially of those buyers for the people, the public libraries, if Mr. George Iles's recent address before the New York State Library School evokes the response it deserves. The details of his plan are to be found in full in the pamphlet report of his discourse now obtainable from Albany, and only one or two important points can here be touched upon. Means are considered by which prompt and authoritative verdicts on current publications could be obtained by the proposed bureau for the guidance of librarians and others interested. "In promoting the buying as well as the borrowing of books," Mr. Iles remarks, "public libraries are cultivating a field which will steadily broaden year by year." Admission is frankly made of the significant fact that even expert critics not infrequently differ diametrically in their estimates of a book's value; and the question is considered whether the most trustworthy guide to the would-be purchaser might not take the form of a colorless statement of the book's plan and method and contents, with neither laudatory nor condemnatory addition. The value of this projected Bureau of Review in discouraging the publication of worthless books and in encouraging that of useful books is of course apparent. Already, as Mr. Iles observes, the cornerstone to such an edifice as he proposes has been laid in the American Library Association's annual annotated booklist of about fifteen hundred titles. How soon the structure will be completed remains to be seen.

* * *

READINGS FROM THE BOOK OF NATURE are not every day so attractively presented as in Mr. Truman A. De Weese's book for the summer, "The Bend in the Road," recently noticed in more formal manner by us. Mr. De Weese, we are told, learned the printer's trade in earlier life and then interested himself in journalism, and it may have been confinement to the close quarters and exacting duties of the printing office and the editorial chair that has made him in later years so ardent a lover of the spacious joys of out-door life in the country. In the following passage there speaks the delight of the city man escaping from the city's din and the city's newspapers. "He learns to love the silences of Nature. After listening to the hum of bees and the sweet music of the waving corn he begins to realize the emptiness and dullness of much of the human chatter that fills city homes and city clubs with noise. In the country he has time to read and think and plan. He has the time and the mood for introspection. He gets a chance to sound the depths of his own being. He doesn't read a newspaper while he tosses a breakfast of coffee and rolls into his tired stomach. He has a quickening sense of the uselessness of the piffle with which newspapers are filled, and he acquires a genuine pity for the poor devils who have nothing else to read. After reading in the book of Nature all week he can go out under the quiet, restful shade of an apple tree on Sunday and read a printed book that is really worth while." The author's chapters entitled "A Sermon in Apple Trees," "Why I Love an Apple Tree," and "Pastoral Pictures" are especially good.

* * *

THE EXPECTED COMPLETION OF THE OXFORD DICTIONARY, and with it the rest from his labors of the veteran lexicographer who has already devoted more than thirty years to his task, is now set with some confidence by Sir James Murray himself at four years hence. "I have got to the stage," he is reported as saying, "when I can estimate the end. In all probability the dictionary will be finished on

my eightieth birthday, four years from now. My colleagues, Dr. Bradley and Dr. Craigie, are busy with 'S,' and I have penetrated into the second half of 'T,' which I expect to complete in two years. By that time the three of us will be at liberty for the last six letters of the alphabet." Expected at first to fill eight large volumes, the work has, especially in its latter portions, developed an unforeseen bulkiness which even ten volumes can scarcely be found capable of compassing. The error of calculation is attributed largely to the fact that existing dictionaries, used as a basis for the estimate, reveal a tendency to hurry and scamp their work toward the end, probably from a natural weariness in the workers and an equally natural impatience in the publishers. But in the Oxford undertaking no such childish haste will be tolerated. The lexicographer-in-chief pays deserved tribute to his American collaborators, and among them he mentions especially the librarians of the Library of Congress at Washington and of the Boston Athenæum, who have been zealous and diligent in looking up and copying desired passages in American books not accessible in England.

* * *

THE PROBLEM OF THE UNSOLD BOOK, the book that cumbers the shelves of the retail dealer until at last it goes to the "remainder" counter or the "second-hand" stall, where it begs for purchase at an inglorious reduction of price, and is perhaps finally disposed of at a tenth part of its original reputed value, is one that Mr. William H. Arnold, speaking at the recent conference of the American Booksellers' Association in New York, suggests might be solved by allowing the retailer to return to the publisher or jobber any copies of a work left on his hands after one year from the time of purchase, a credit check for ninety per cent of the purchase price to be given him in exchange. No goods are more uncertain as to selling qualities than books, and the most unexpected surpluses and shortages are a part of the daily experience of a bookseller in the handling of his stock. It is argued that this proposed plan would tend to discourage the now too-abundant issue of works of questionable excellence, and losses from over-production would be diminished. To make up for any loss to the publisher occasioned by this redemption of unsold copies, Mr. Arnold suggests an increased wholesale price, with a consequent slight increase in the retail price; and he feels assured that the innovation, by removing the dread of unsold stock, would infuse fresh life into the bookselling business. No formal action on the proposal was taken, but it seems not unlikely that this seedcorn of suggestion may yield fruit in the near future.

* * *

LITERATURE AS A SUBSTITUTE FOR LIFE is of little worth, as Miss Corinne Bacon, efficient head of the Drexel Institute Library School, Philadelphia, wittily and convincingly pointed out in her recent address delivered before the Pennsylvania Library Club and now published in "The Library Journal." After citing the late lively tilt between Mr. Dana and THE DIAL over the "great-books superstition," she declares her willingness to go even further than the Newark librarian on the highway of heresy and ask why it is necessarily a good thing for one to read at all. "Is there anything sacrosanct about print? *Why* is it a virtue to read? It takes more intelligence to make a dress, to cook and serve a dinner which is both nourishing and appetizing, or to make a piece of arts and crafts furniture, than it does to read many a book. Would not some of us be more genuine, more original, if we dealt more with first-hand things than with second-hand thoughts? At the best, books are but a substitute for life." Unquestionably; and Miss Bacon does well to warn us, both in apt phrase of her own and in pertinent quotation from Mr. Harold Gorst, of the danger of thinking with other people's brains. But though literature without life would be chosen by no sensible person in preference to life without literature, the necessity of choice between these awful alternatives is forced upon very few of us, and we shall therefore continue to enjoy both life *and* literature — in company with Miss Bacon and others of the elect for whom existence is so immeasurably enriched by the best things that have been thought and said by men and women in the past.

* * *

RECENT PRISON POETRY is enriched with a contribution from the son of the author of "The Scarlet Letter," who is at present an involuntary guest of the government at Atlanta. As editor, *pro tem.*, of the prison paper, he has accepted from himself and published the following touching lines:

"In the cell over mine at night
A step goes to and fro;
From barred door to iron wall,
From wall to door I hear it go,
Four paces heavy and slow,
In the heart of the sleeping jail;
And the goad that drives I know.

"I never saw his face nor heard him speak;
He may be Dutchman, Dago, Yankee, Greek;
But the language of that prison'd step
Too well I know;
Unknown brother of remorseless bars,
Pent in your cage from earth and sky and stars,
The hunger for lost life that goads you so
I also know."

Is this an intentional or an accidental echo of Mr. Arturo Giovannitti's prison verses entitled "The Walker," penned in the seclusion of the jail at Lawrence, Mass., and already quoted in part by us? Two significant lines of the Italo-American poet's "jerked English" (to borrow Mr. Wallace Rice's expressive term) run thus:

"I hear footsteps over my head all night.
They come one eternity in four paces and they go one eternity in four paces, and between the coming and the going there is Silence and Night and the Infinite."

Like causes have been known to produce like effects, and the Atlanta poem may be wholly original; but if not, it is none the less — rather, all the more — interesting.

THE SPACIOUS DOMAIN OF LIBRARY SCIENCE has seldom had the fact of its amplitude more strikingly illustrated than in the programme of the late joint meeting of the Massachusetts Library Club, the Berkshire Library Club, and the Western Massachusetts Library Club. Assembling at Williamstown under the auspices of the college which there has its seat, the librarians of the Bay State were for three days (May 22-24) stimulated and refreshed by such speakers as President Harry A. Garfield, who made the address of welcome; Mr. John A. Lowe, the college librarian, who appropriately considered the relation of public libraries to college libraries; Professor Carroll Lewis Maxcy, who spoke on Artemus Ward; Mr. John Foster Carr (author of the useful "Guide to the United States for Immigrants"), who treated the subject, "What the Library Can Do for Our Foreign-born"; Miss J. Maud Campbell, who told "What the Foreigner has Done for One Library"; Mr. William B. Clarke, the Boston publisher, whose topic was "The Business of Bookselling"; Mr. Harlan H. Ballard, who discussed "Coöperation in Library Work"; Miss Mafred N. Rice, who gave an illustrated talk on story-telling; and Miss Zaidee Brown, agent of the State Library Commission, whose remarks concerned themselves with "Librarians, Trustees, and the Field Agent," and who also conducted a round-table session for questions and answers. Miss Ruby Tillinghast's book-mending demonstration should not pass unmentioned, nor Mr. Charles R. Green's roll-call of libraries, evoking two-minute responses on "The Most Interesting Thing Done in our Library the Past Year." Mountain excursions, to the top of Greylock and over Hoosac Mountain, were among the less strictly intellectual exercises planned for the occasion.

* * *

THE LITERARY REMAINS OF HENRY REED, professor of rhetoric and English literature at the University of Pennsylvania from 1834 to 1854, have just been given to the library of that institution, and are considered a valuable gift by reason of Professor Reed's eminence in his department of learning and the interesting nature of the manuscripts that he left behind him, which include many unpublished lectures and other autograph matter of importance. Reed's activity in introducing Wordsworth to American readers in an American edition for which he wrote a preface gives significance to the poet's letter included among the papers now made accessible to the scholarly public. Other interesting letters and an unpublished lecture on Walter Scott are named as of peculiar value. English literature students are familiar with Reed's published "Lectures on English Literature from Chaucer to Tennyson," his "Lectures on English History and Tragic Poetry as Illustrated by Shakespeare," and his "Lectures on the British Poets." As editor he was responsible for many useful works, including especially the American reprint of Lord Mahon's "History of England," Thomas Arnold's "Lectures on Modern History," and Graham's "English Synonyms." But his literary industry, both as author and editor, was too great to receive due tribute here. Some still living will recall the tragic circumstances of his untimely death—how he sailed for England on the ill-fated "Arctic," which was lost at sea September 27, 1854.

* * *

MISAPPRECIATION OF HUMOROUS LITERATURE has been carried to great lengths on the part of long-faced and literal-minded critics, as illustrated by some of the solemnly adverse judgments pronounced on Mark Twain's "Innocents Abroad" at the first appearance of that jocund work. But probably few have attained to that degree of immunity from the attacks of humor that was reached by the scholarly and dignified Charles Sumner. When Longfellow, as Mr. Henry Cabot Lodge tells us in the June instalment of his early reminiscences now appearing in "Scribner's Magazine," presented Sumner with a copy of "The Biglow Papers," fresh from the press, that eminent statesman seems to have applied himself to Lowell's rollicking verse in much the same state of mind as one would bring to bear on Milton's "Paradise Lost" or Klopstock's "Messiah." As Mr. Lodge tells the story, "it was a rainy afternoon and Mr. Longfellow was obliged to go out, leaving Sumner stretched on the sofa reading Lowell's volume. When he returned he asked Sumner how he liked the poems, and Sumner replied: 'They are admirable, very good indeed, but why does he spell his words so badly?' Longfellow said that he attempted to explain that the poems were purposely written in the New England dialect, but Sumner could not understand." And yet Sumner was as much a New Englander as Lowell or Longfellow.

* * *

BOOKS, BOILERS, AND BUNKERS, as we read in the current annual report of the Boston Public Library, are getting mixed together in a distressing promiscuity in the stately building that for eighteen years has been the pride of Copley Square. Erected a comparatively short time ago at a cost of more than two million dollars, and expected to meet the demands made upon its space for at least one generation, the structure is already so pressed for stack-room that even the cellar, where no sane librarian would by choice store any of the books committed to his keeping, has been used to catch a part of the overflow from the stacks, and branches have been forced to give storage to some of the less actively circulating volumes. All this makes for confusion and vexation and several other sorts of harm. Will our library building committees ever learn the supreme necessity of providing ample space for book-stacks? The homely New England rule about sweetening rhubarb pies (put in sugar till you're scared, and then add as much more) would apply, *mutatis mutandis*, in designing the stack-room of a public library. "Build ye more stately mansions," is the lesson taught not only by the chambered nautilus, but by the congested public library.

A LITTLE INSTANCE OF TIME'S REVENGES has been recalled in connection with the recent marriage of a daughter of the late John Fiske. In the days of his own courtship, and while he was still an undergraduate at Harvard, Fiske became known — too well known for the harmony of his own relations with the college faculty — as an enthusiastic Darwinian; and at the very time when he was writing his early article on Buckle for magazine publication, with the young lady of his choice much in his mind to lighten his labor (as he afterward assured her when he sent her a copy of the lucubration), he had the misfortune to be caught reading in church instead of listening to the sermon, and was summoned before the faculty to face not only this charge, but also the accumulated evidences of his conversion to Darwinism. He was let off, however, with an admonition and a threat of summary expulsion if he did not in future refrain from airing his too-advanced views. The humor of the situation appears when it is borne in mind that those very views, which afterward contributed so large a part to his reputation as a writer, were the ones he was called back to Harvard to expound under its auspices less than ten years after he had almost suffered expulsion for holding them.

* * *

A LITERARY WORKER LITTLE KNOWN TO FAME, but possessed of accomplishments and abilities far above the ordinary, died May 13 at Plainfield, N. J. William Henry Larrabee, author of "How the World Was Made," "Earthquakes and Volcanoes," "Education through the Agency of Religious Organization," and other books, was born at Alfred, Maine, in 1829, and was graduated in 1845 from De Pauw University, before it had ceased to be called Asbury University. Like so many other men of letters, he was a lawyer by profession but never practiced, choosing the more congenial field of literature and scholarship and editorship. School-teaching, farm-management, and newspaper work preceded his editorial connection with "The Popular Science Monthly," which he served as translator and assistant editor up to 1900. Many encyclopædia articles came from his busy pen, and his useful activities included also a term of service as trustee of the Plainfield Public Library. He is said to have had a mastery of seventeen languages, and he was a great traveller.

* * *

THE INCREASING VOGUE OF BROWNING seems to receive striking proof in the extraordinary price paid in London recently for an early and rare edition of the poet's youthful production, "Pauline," a poem filling but eight pages in the Cambridge Edition of Browning, and probably read about as seldom as any piece of his that could be named. A sum equivalent to twenty-four hundred dollars in our money is said to have changed hands when this early specimen of Browning's art was offered for sale. At about the same time a packet of five hundred or more of the Browning love-letters, of which so much has of late been written and said, passed under the auctioneer's hammer in London, and elicited bids that started at six hundred pounds and then rose by successive steps of fifty to six thousand five hundred and fifty pounds, or nearly thirty-three thousand dollars. The outcry of outraged sentiment over the public sale of these letters, even though the letters themselves virtually became public property when they were published years ago, is not unnatural. Pounds sterling in exchange for the heartbeats of two poet-lovers! "To what base uses we may return, Horatio!"

* * *

THE AUTHORS' LEAGUE OF AMERICA now takes its place beside the Authors' Society of England and *La Société des Gens de Lettres* of France. It has issued its first "Bulletin," held its first meeting, elected its first officers, and is now ready for business at 30 Broad Street, New York. It has a legal department, a department concerned with the general relations of author and publisher, one for the conduct of an official periodical, the exact nature of which is not yet decided upon, a department which acts as agent for the author's books in England, a bureau for the expert examination of manuscripts, a bureau of information, and one for foreign affairs and international copyright. The list of officers includes Mr. Winston Churchill, President, Mr. Theodore Roosevelt, Vice-President, Mr. Ellis Parker Butler, Secretary and Treasurer, Mr. John Burroughs and others, as Honorary Vice-Presidents, and a Council of ten that begins with the name of Mr. Gelett Burgess and ends with that of Miss Carolyn Wells.

COMMUNICATIONS.

HAUPTMANN'S "ATLANTIS" AND THE NOBEL PRIZE.

(To the Editor of THE DIAL.)

The extraordinary distinction given Gerhart Hauptmann's novel "Atlantis" by the conference upon the author of the Nobel prize for the greatest idealistic work of literature of the year 1912 warrants more searching examination than the shrinking or perfunctory comment it has in most cases received on this side of the Atlantic.

"Atlantis" is the story of the foundering of a Hamburg-American liner in mid-ocean, as chief background for three months out of the life of a German doctor, aged thirty-one, who leaves his wife in an insane asylum and his three young children in the guardianship of his parents, in order to pursue across the sea a danseuse of sixteen. They are rescued from the waves and reach New York, where he yields a few days to his passion and compels her to yield. Later he meets a woman art student, who gives him good advice and nurses him through a spell of typhoid. His insane wife having meanwhile opportunely died, he marries the art student in mid-ocean on the return voyage to Germany.

Off-hand one is inclined to say that one would not care to make the closer acquaintance of such a person as this hero, even when introduced by the author of "Die Weber" and "Die versunkene Glocke," the foremost contemporary German dramatist But since the Stockholm Academy has given Frederick von Kammacher such a good letter of introduction and we are

likely to meet him in society, it is important to know more about him and to be able to take one's position regarding him and his friends.

He was aware that he had reached a crisis in his life. "He was not one of those who enter upon this crisis unconsciously. . . . It seemed to him that he had worked hitherto with other people's hands, according to other people's wills, guided rather than guiding. . . . 'Now I will walk with my own feet, look with my own eyes, think my own thoughts, and act from the plenary power of my own will.' . . . Frederick had been disillusioned in his deep-seated altruism, which until now had completely dominated him."

It would be better for our judgment of Frederick if his friend the author had not made these declarations regarding him. If we could believe that he were the helpless bee ensnared by the irresistible fascination of the gallows-spider, the dancer Ingigerd, we might have some pity for him, though we must needs regard him as very weak. But having been assured that he was determined to take every step of his own will — and he is thirty-one — there is no excuse for him. As to his deep-seated altruism, the only act cited in evidence is the remission to an old friend dying of consumption of a debt of $750, while the running away from his insane wife and his three children does not comport with a Philistine idea of altruism.

Again, the author describes the traits of his hero: "Though Frederick had never been ill, there were times when he showed symptoms of a peculiar passionateness. His friends knew that when all went well he was a dormant volcano; that when things did not go well he was a volcano spitting fire and smoke. To all appearances equally removed from effeminacy and brutality, he was subject nevertheless to attacks of both. Now and then a dithyrambic rapture came over him, especially when there was wine in his blood; he would pace about, and if it were daytime, might address a pathetic, sonorous invocation to the sun, or at night, to the constellations, particularly to the chaste Cassiopeia."

Frederick had first seen Ingigerd in Berlin in a symbolic dance called "Mara, or the Spider's Web." He had attended this performance nineteen times,—enough, one would say, to indicate his lack of judgment and self-control, and enough to make him a monomaniac, if it does not prove him to have been one already. The dance is plainly intended to symbolize the relation of Frederick to Ingigerd, she being the spider and he the bee. In fact, however, the relation is more like that of hawk to hare, with Frederick in the former rôle.

Although she is surrounded by a coterie of admirers, Ingigerd promptly suspects Frederick's purpose in coming aboard. Before the ship is three days out he has made himself a subject for ribald jest in the smoking-room. In Mara's presence he is alternately burning with lust and frothing with wrath at himself for being attached to so slight a thing. She, in turn, has felt "that his propinquity was by no means lacking in danger for herself." Nevertheless, at their first personal conference she tells him of her past "in a series of confidences of such shocking content as to be worthy of a Lais or a Phryne," and Frederick "found himself confronting the knowledge of a childhood so outrageous as to be worse than anything he had met with in his experiences as a physician." This disturbed him so that he could not sleep, but did not prevent his exchanging fiery glances with a Russian Jewess the next morning, as he accompanied the ship's doctor on a tour of the steerage. That evening, the Jewess, having applied to the doctor for professional treatment, is turned over to Frederick, who honors his love for Ingigerd and dishonors his profession by committing fornication with the helpless and ignorant girl. Whereupon, "Frederick went on deck, where the exalted impression of the starry heavens shining over the infinite expanse of the ocean, purified him, as it were." "He was neither by Nature nor by habit a Don Juan and it astonished him that the unusual and surprising adventure seemed to him the most natural thing in the world." Probably this is one of the passages which gave the Stockholm Academy the impression of towering idealism.

The descriptions of Frederick's fellow-passengers are in many cases clever, though they give a sombre impression of humanity, if this shipload were to pass for an average. Practically all the men who interest the author, save the captain and a few of the officers, are erotomaniacs — their relations with the other sex dominated by physical appetite which seems to know nothing of the restraints of civilization but is constrained only by the limits of opportunity. There is Achleitner, the Vienna architect, who has come on board for the same reason as Frederick; Stoss, the armless marksman, who admits having "fallen under suspicion with Ingigerd"; Fuellenberg, a Berlin acquaintance of Frederick, who the first day out acts as masseur to an English woman who "has a husband in London and probably another in New York"; Hahlstroem, Ingigerd's father, who is exploiting her grace and willing to exploit her virtue, if she has any; Ingigerd herself, who says she "would rather be disreputable ten times over and live as she please"; Frau Liebling, leaving her husband behind so that they may be divorced; Toussaint the sculptor, and Fleischmann the painter, both mediocre, conceited, and mercenary; Wilke a steerage passenger, an old friend of Frederick's, represented as a wild beast, but really much more of a man than Frederick; a languishing Creole Canadian, with an attendant Yankee jackanapes who builds bonfires of matches on the saloon table until the captain interferes. Verily an aggregation of idealists! When the ship is in danger Frederick cannot believe that God will cut off the lives of so many people; but so far as Hauptmann's report of them goes, the Lord had the same reason for action as in the case of Sodom and Gomorrah.

The most successful and most nearly plausible and truthful parts of the book are the descriptions of the storm and of the foundering of the "Roland." A German reviewer has said that a correct title for "Atlantis" would be: "Experiences on a Transatlantic Steamer, with a Description of a Shipwreck." Hauptmann's power as a reporter is undeniable, and examples are unnecessary. It is not the realist Hauptmann we are taking note of, but the representative of supreme idealism. Two-thirds of the book are devoted to the sea trip, while the remaining one hundred pages are occupied with Frederick's adventures in New York City and in Meriden, where he has the typhoid attack.

On landing, Frederick and Ingigerd with him,—for her father was among the lost and Frederick has assumed a sort of protectorate over her,— are conducted by a former student of Frederick's to a Bohemian club-house, where late the following morning he finds himself alone with Ingigerd. "In that moment Frederick comprehended the passionate speech of his body and sanctioned its demands. . . . In the seductive

silence of the morning in this unfamiliar house it suddenly assumed an elemental, indomitable force. . . . At last the time had come to extinguish the fires tormenting him, in one wild, greedy draught. With the hoarse cry of a wild beast he threw himself deep into the slowly, slowly cooling and liberating waves of love."

Within thirty-six hours from this idealistic episode Frederick has experienced "a storm of desire for self-purification," has assured Ingigerd that "the sight of her had given renewed value to life," has bathed in the waves again, has met Eva Burns, to whom at their second meeting he confides his unhappy domestic history, including disagreements which he and his wife had had over the question of having children, and also his relations with Ingigerd, and has determined to enter the art studio where Eva is working. After a week of what he calls struggles, seeing Ingigerd every day and talking of idealistic art life with Eva, Frederick decides to complete the weaning from Ingigerd which Eva has begun by running away, just as Gabriel Schilling did in Hauptmann's drama. At Meriden, Eva Burns visits him, on her own initiative, it seems, arriving just in time to take care of him in the typhoid attack. On his recovery she goes back to New York without having done more than laugh at Frederick's shy question whether "we five — he, she, and his three children — could end their lives in peace in a little studio near Florence." But before sailing for England, where she is called by business affairs, she goes out to Meriden again, takes a long walk with Frederick and brings him back happy,— "to their own surprise these two human beings had been penetrated by a new element and a new life."

When, after Frederick's recovery from typhoid, his friend Dr. Schmidt remarked, "A forced cure, a violent eruption and revolution has purged your body of all poisons and putrid matter," it was doubtless intended to symbolize a similar purification of soul through the influence of Eva Burns. Believe it who can. I do not like to betray doubts of the ultimate redemption of any human soul; but I must say that the cure seems to me sudden. I should say that it would take a century or two.

The powerful and truthful portrayal of a bad character may justly be undertaken by a great artist, although it is unfortunate to make a weak or bad person the centre of interest in a novel that is to appeal to the general reading public. But the portrayal of Frederick von Kammacher cannot be called either powerful or truthful. He is weak at the beginning and weak he remains. His religious reflections, — as, for instance, that God will surely not think of destroying so large a number of talented people as are on the "Roland,"— are childish. His conception of art is anything but idealistic. His shifts from lust to lofty sentiment are impossible in their suddenness. His supposed conversion to nobler aims is absolutely unconvincing. No sane judge of human nature would trust the welfare of a woman in his hands. Neurotic, erotic, with a mind full of foul memories and an evil habitude established, he can promise nothing but hell for poor Eva Burns. But she goeth to her death as the fool goeth.

Gerhart Hauptmann in "Atlantis" has entered into the shady realm of the worst of French naturalism, as did Sudermann in "Das hohe Lied," but with much less art and much less justification. Sudermann's book portrays the downfall of a poor middle-class girl and the almost insuperable difficulty of recovery; a portrayal that reveals the lure of sin and the constraint of poverty for the girl but not with any lure for the reader. Hauptmann portrays the selfishness, the weakness, the lust of a vacillating character, and would fain have us believe that this character is revolutionized by admiration for a new face and a self-reliant bearing. The author of "Die versunkene Glocke" might have won the Nobel prize. It is an affront to clean art and clean morals to award it to the author of "Atlantis."

W. H. Carruth.

University of Kansas, May 17, 1913.

EX LIBRA ET LIBRIS.

(To the Editor of The Dial.)

It is pleasant, after undertaking the disagreeable duty of adverse criticism, to have the need for it attested by numerous expressions of approval, such as I have received, but even more to find the person criticized in substantial agreement with my strictures; not only is the justice of the attack thereby bespoken, but in an even greater degree the open-mindedness and magnanimity of the one censured. I have little but praise, therefore, for the answer of the editor of "Poetry" to my observations on her conduct of that magazine.

Granting, as my fellow-compiler suggests, that Miss Monroe is not interested in the topics of our "Little Book of Brides" and "Little Book of Kisses," I can still heartily agree with her that these, and the sixty other books of verse which I have edited or compiled, covering as they do the entire field of English verse from Chaucer to Mr. Yeats, unfit me for the enjoyment of Mr. Pound's "form" and "technic," as recently exhibited.

Though I do not see why, if the rhythms of English poetry so obvious to me are still subtle and difficult of discernment to her, I am thereby rendered ineligible to the office of critic of Mr. Pound's Jerked English, I feel certain that the difficulty is rather one of definitions than of actual diversity of opinion. Perhaps it is as well to remember that Milton said of poetry, in comparing it with logic, that it is "less subtile and fine, but more simple, sensuous, and passionate."

Miss Monroe lets her subtlety carry her back to Egypt rather than the fall of Troy when thirty centuries is mentioned as the duration of metrical tradition, and in my statement that this tradition has remained unchallenged I am glad to submit to correction. There have been challengers of the need for formal rhythm in poetry in recent years, just as there are still those who challenge the old Greek conception that the world is a sphere; I should have written "has not been successfully challenged."

I heartily concur with Miss Monroe's statement, made for the second time in reply to an attack, to the effect that the existence of Mr. Pound's erratic lines is their only justification; and thank her for the proof she adduces of this in the information that they are the result of his study of metrical forms and variations in eleven languages —"metrical" having, of course, only one meaning, that of formal rhythm.

And I must thank her, too, for confirming my impression that "Poetry" had done little or nothing to advance the cause for which it was supposedly founded. She brings forward seven poems to that end which it has published in as many months. Eliminating from these the metrical rubbish of Mr. Lindsay, the prose of Mr. Tagore and Mr. Pound, and the lines of Mr. Yeats, which are much the least poetic of his yet printed, it

leaves three poems to which she may point with pride as the result of more than half a year of earnest endeavor.

My other observations upon the conduct of the magazine, she, like my approving friends and correspondents, appears to take as self-evidently true. Such admissions as these, tacit and expressed, give us all the greatest hope for the future.

In conclusion may I say that, if hereafter Miss Monroe will write the poetry for Mr. Pound, and Mr. Pound the prose for Miss Monroe, I believe the last possibility of disagreement will be removed. WALLACE RICE.

Chicago, May 22, 1913.

"POETRY BY THE POUND."

(To the Editor of THE DIAL.)

Mr. Rice opened the discussion of poetry by the pound in the May-day edition of THE DIAL with rather heavy artillery. Miss Monroe responds with the strangely limited argument that Mr. Rice is not an eligible critic of poetry because he once edited such dainty trifles as "The Little Book of Kisses." Mr. Rice seems to me to have rather the better of the argument with his quotation from Oscar Wilde. Merely on the score of dainty trifles, the pretty little magazine about which all this controversy rages satisfies the preciosity of its slight public quite as completely as any little books of kisses might satisfy the blushes of the boudoir.

After all, each of us can challenge the other's critical faculty until the herd returns to the milking-shed, and each will probably remain "of the same opinion still." The knowledge of what is good and what is bad in poetry is simply a matter of a critic's being born with or without taste. He must also believe in his own taste, for certainly no one else in this chaotic century is going to believe in it. By which token I unshakenly affirm that Lindsay's "General Booth" is the only poem of distinction (and it is of very great distinction) among all those to which Miss Monroe refers Mr. Rice. I contend that this poem is as excellent as the recent "Contemporania" of Mr. Pound are poor. Mr. Pound's final jape has been too much for most of the admirers of the three really good poems which he once wrote. He now seems to delight in placing himself in the cheapest of categories. For it is the easiest thing in the world to be what the world calls "sensational," and to impose upon the world's lack of artistic perception. The world will be only too ready to swallow you whole, Mr. Pound. But you really cannot expect any serious artist to swallow you whole. You really cannot expect any really serious artist to keep a straight face, or to laugh with you. A man who has made an exhaustive study of metrical forms and variations on the poetry of eleven languages — but we recall Swinburne's admitting his ignorance of prosody, and we wonder whether there may not be a difference between one's knowledge of what prosody is (even the new prosody) and of what constitutes real poetry. Of course Mr. Swinburne unfortunately wrote with a mistaken adherence to formal rhythms and with the idea that the technic of poetry meant more than a mere pedantry or an idle formlessness; yet Mr. Swinburne achieved some very pretty effects, perhaps as pretty as any that come from our modern steam calliopes. Of course it is all a matter of taste. Some prefer the calliope. And others are prejudiced in favor of the violin.

Mr. Pound should not be so ashamed of his earlier work. In his first frenzy he struck out "The Ballad of the Goodly Fere," the "Ballad for Gloom," and the poem about the white stag, Fame; also he sang Villon and the Gibbet rather well, and wrote some lines to his old fencing master which showed promise. But

> "Since that time unto this season
> I have had nor rhyme nor reason"

for thinking the same of any other poetry by Mr. Pound. Is there no way of preventing youth from banging itself in its own ego? "How may a man be a popular poet and yet save his soul and his art?" reads a very recent editorial in the little magazine "Poetry." We might add "How may a man be a Modern poet and yet save his sense of taste and his sense of humor?"

WILLIAM ROSE BENÉT.

New York City, May 22, 1913.

POPULARITY OF THE GERMAN CLASSICS IN THE GERMAN THEATRES.

(To the Editor of THE DIAL.)

One of the interesting questions in the minds of the German literary public is that of the relative popularity of the classics and the popular drama on the stage of the present day. This question is answered in the *Deutscher Bühnenspielplan-Register*, just published (1913) in Berlin by Oesterheld & Co., for the theatrical season of 1911–12. As compared with the preceding year, the vogue of Anzengruber and Hebbel (as yet almost unknown in America) rose, on the whole. The latter's "Maria Magdalena" dropped from 76 to 64 performances throughout Germany, while "Gyges und sein Ring" rose from 42 to 70 and "Judith" from 78 to 96. Only one section of Grillparzer's Argonautic trilogy, "Medea," is frequently played; it rose from 50 to 61. Kleist owes his huge increase to the one hundredth anniversary of his suicide: every play shows a rise; "Amphitryon" from 19 to 25, "Die Hermannsschlacht" from 26 to 44, "Robert Guiscard" from 4 to 59, "Penthesilea" from 1 to 140 (!), "Käthchen von Heilbronn" from 105 to 174, "Der Prinz von Homburg" from 106 to 215, and "Der zerbrochene Krug" (the most popular) from 61 to 302.

In Goethe's case we meet with the following peculiar phenomenon: the greater works ("Faust" and "Iphigenie") show a decline, whereas lesser and almost unknown works are gaining ground. "Die Mitschuldigen" rose from 10 to 32, "Die Laune des Verliebten" from 7 to 64 performances. Goethe's "Jery und Bätely" and the "Urfaust" had never been played before this season. Lessing's less prominent plays are also being dug out again; "Der junge Gelehrte" and "Miss Sara Sampson" are again finding favor. His "Emilia Galotti" held its own at 60 performances for the season, while "Nathan der Weise" rose from 127 to 165. Shakespeare held his ground; he had 1044 performances as against 1042 the year before. "Henry VI.," "The Tempest," and "Timon of Athens" had not a single performance. His most popular plays were "The Merchant of Venice" (147) and "Othello" (142). Schiller remains the king of the German theatre, although he shows a decrease in the total number of performances, dropping from 1584 to 1420. "Fiesco" is still the least popular, and "Wilhelm Tell" the most popular, of the longer plays (the latter had 329 performances). There is competition among the classics, but on the whole they are not losing. In total number of performances, the classic side of the German repertory is still gaining.

JACOB WITTMER HARTMANN.

The College of the City of New York, May 21, 1913.

The New Books.

A Lively View of Victorian Literature.*

In The Dial recently we had occasion to deplore a certain deadness which seems inherent in Histories of English Literature. But we are now offered a study of a special epoch of that literature which is certainly lively enough. The difference between Mr. Lang's book and Mr. Chesterton's is marked. It is the difference between an Eden Musée and the Moving Pictures. In one there is a collection of figures, lifelike indeed, but motionless and made of wax; in the other, an image of the hurly burly of life,—of life indeed accentuated and accelerated, rushing here and there, upset and upsetting and marching straight forward out of the picture.

The difference is in part a matter of style. Mr. Lang's prose, at its best, has an old-world charm of leisured and ordered composition. His lights are not spread all over his canvas, but gleam out amid shadows or are tangled in quiet retirements. Quietness is the last thing one would associate with Mr. Chesterton. His world is a-crackle with fireworks, with a pinwheel profusion of sparks.

But what chiefly separates the two writers is their attitude towards literature itself. Mr. Lang has a vision — though we confess he did not succeed in getting it into his History — of that verbal shell of things which age by age detaches itself from material existence and hangs over or rolls on by the side of the changing real world, eternal and unchanged. Mr. Chesterton views literature as one of the activities of life, like law-making or the manufacture of hardware or the boiling of soaps. At the bottom his method is that of Taine, though perhaps the *milieu* is more and the men less with him than even with the French critic.

There can be little doubt which of these two kinds of criticism affords the best opportunity for striking and pungent comment. Mr. Chesterton attaches his literary machines to the great belt which runs all the other work of the age. If in the consequent whir and din we miss the ultimate perfections, the permanent results of literature, we are at least reassured that literature is a real factor in everyday life.

Taking it for what it professes to be, — a study of the interrelation of literature, thought, and action in the Victorian Age, — the book is good and sound; which perhaps may only mean that it agrees in the main with our own preconceptions. We do not, indeed, think its views are especially original. It has been pointed out before that the Victorian literature was essentially a middle-class one. The descent from the great individualities, the tremendous tumult, of the Georgian epoch to the domesticities and the mild doubts of the Victorian time has always been evident. The Titanomachia of Burns, Byron, Scott, Shelley, Wordsworth, and Coleridge subsided into entire rest or into a somewhat insignificant and sordid scramble. However, Mr. Chesterton brings out this part of his theme with telling effect, one of his shrewdest remarks being that whereas France worked out its revolution with gunpowder, England more economically went through its ebullition with words.

Mr. Chesterton is at his best in dealing with the Victorian prophets, the Voices from whose confused clamor arose the plain song of the age. On the one side were the apostles of rationalism and common sense, Bentham, Mill, Macaulay, and a little later the scientists who wrought out the theories of evolution; while on the other side were the professors of unselfishness and soul-life, Newman, Carlyle, Ruskin, and Arnold. In this regard he shows that Dickens was the greatest force of them all, really the very heart of the age. Mr. Chesterton has, we believe, devoted a separate book to Dickens, so he may be pardoned for considering him here mainly as a reformer, a teacher of justice and happiness.

In his chapter on the novelists, Mr. Chesterton does give a slight excursus on Dickens as a creative artist. Rather protesting against the stock comparison of Dickens with Thackeray, he does compare them with the result that the latter becomes a little ghost-like. The difference between them of course is this, that the world created by Dickens is imaginatively true, while the world seen by Thackeray is only actually true. Mr. Percy Fitzgerald once gave a long list of the characters and situations imitated and borrowed by Thackeray from his rival. It was as though the exuberance and buoyancy of the other distressed him, and he went over the latter's copy like a careful schoolmaster to reduce the swelling and irresponsible imaginations and make everything square with fact. This recension is good and valuable in itself, but there is more vitality in the original.

Mr. Chesterton brings out the fact that the

*The Victorian Age in Literature. By G. K. Chesterton. "Home University Library." New York: Henry Holt & Co.

novel is peculiarly woman's sphere in art. It is only when men are something more than novelists, like Scott and Dickens, that they can beat the sisterhood in this field. After Mr. Henley's somewhat Mohock dealings with George Eliot, Mr. Chesterton's treatment of her is a model of discretion and consideration. He is kindly and just and accurate, too, in his delineations of Mrs. Gaskell, Mrs. Oliphant, and Charlotte Brontë; but when he comes to the greatest of them all, Emily Brontë, he falls flat and shames his worshippers, if he has any. He thinks that Emily was a great figure but not a great artist, and that it is only Charlotte who enters Victorian literature. Now an artist is never a great figure unless reputation is justified by work. A hollow sham rarely lasts long enough to pay for the trouble of building it up. The lofty praise of Dobell, James Smetham, Arnold, Swinburne, and Miss Sinclair is ample warrant against there being any hollowness in Emily Brontë's fame. There is, we believe, a somewhat similar miscalculation in Mr. Chesterton's dealings with Meredith and Hardy. We should not care ourselves to hold a brief before the forty-two assessors of the dead for either of these novelists, but we think their comparative merits are just the reverse of what Mr. Chesterton decides. It seems to us that Meredith's crabbed and eccentric style is a sign of an inward creative confusion, while Mr. Hardy's luminous and sufficiently sensuous prose is an assurance of a certain profundity and perfection in the beings he projects. But Meredith is a comedian, Hardy a tragedian; and Mr. Chesterton's gay and lively spirit leans to the former.

Our author does not shine in his treatment of the Victorian poets, the reason probably being that archangels or butterflies (you may take your choice of either appellation) do not go well attached to machinery. Gray said that the language of poetry was never the language of the age. We may go further and assert that the most poetical part of the spirit of poetry has nothing to do with temporary aims or movements. Poets may put themselves in the van of movement, they may lead forlorn hopes, but the best they can do is to express the universally human. Dates soon wear out in works destined for immortality. There is very little difference in a good love-song whether it is signed by Kalidasa, Hafiz, or Burns. A great tragedy is at home in any age or any part of the world.

Mr. Chesterton's last chapter is entitled "The Break-up of the Compromise," and shows the end of the era and reveals its commonplace conventions shattered by the emergence of new forces. Chief of these forces were the æsthetic movement led by Oscar Wilde, the socialistic movement captained by Mr. Shaw and Mr. Wells, the adventure propaganda promulgated by Stevenson, and the impressionistic programme with which Mr. Kipling is best associated. All these factors in modern life and figures in modern art are discussed by Mr. Chesterton in a fair and lucid way. But we venture to suggest that he has missed out some of the most potent ideas that are working in the modern mind and getting expression in literature. There is first the woman question, which he ignores. We do not mean the feminist struggle for votes, but the more important fact of a total reversal of man's traditional feeling towards woman,—the chivalric attitude, in short. From the time of Dante and Petrarch there had grown up, outside of France which was always skeptical on the subject, an idea of womanhood as something high and holy, spiritual and pure, as something calculated to lift the race to the heights. Schopenhauer it was who knocked the angel theory of woman on the head and set loose the modern idea of her as more animal than man. This conception is certainly deeply inwoven in recent English literature, yet Mr. Chesterton makes no account of it.

Another large conception which has had a great influence on late writers is Nietzscheism, the cult of the superman. This dogma or doctrine or delusion or devastation, however you may choose to accept it, is the antithesis of socialism, and as Mr. Chesterton evidently has leanings towards this latter evangel it probably did not suit his book to discuss a philosophy which is dark and mysterious, which draws war and destruction in its train, and which is rampant on the continent. The third thought factor which Mr. Chesterton may be accused of forgetting is the new vitalistic movement in metaphysics and religion heralded by Bergson and Eucken. This, however, practically had no effect on even the latest Victorian literature.

Taken as a whole, Mr. Chesterton has given us an entertaining and, within its limits, a convincing book.

CHARLES LEONARD MOORE.

"The Correspondence of Goldwin Smith," selected and edited by his literary executor and secretary, Mr. Arnold Haultain, which was recently announced in these columns, will be published in this country by Messrs. Duffield & Co. The work will contain a bibliography of Goldwin Smith's writings.

Records of a Great Musician.*

There has not appeared for a long time a work of such commanding interest and importance to the music-lover as Grace E. Hadow's rendering into English of Berthold Litzmann's exhaustive and authoritative biography of Clara Schumann. The biographer was an intimate friend of the Schumann family; he was a neighbor of and grew up with the Schumann children; he had access to the large accumulation of family documentary material; he was fitted by native endowment, by genuine devotion, and by his life's occupation, to perform adequately and successfully the labor of love which he accepted only after considerable conscientious hesitation. The translation also could not have been placed in more satisfactory hands than in those of Grace and William H. Hadow, who have done so much for music in their various excellent publications.

The story has in it all the elements of a romance,—the struggles of the youthful prodigy and rising artist, the early successes of a great talent, the jealous care of a father filled with the ardor of a lofty if somewhat rigid idealism, the young lover bearing within him the promise of a reconstitution of the great art to which both were devoted, the years of a married life which opened to man and wife new fields of achievement of which they had no preconception, the tragedy of death and separation, the consummation finally of a career in music to which few parallels can be found. The whole is minutely and characteristically told in these volumes, which never waver in their interest and enthusiasm.

Clara Wieck was born, as she herself says, at Leipsic, September 13, 1819, in the house "Zur hohen Lilie" in the new Neumarkt. In 1824, when she was five years old, her mother obtained a divorce, and the child was left in the sole charge of her father, a stern and relentless taskmaster, who yet had the deepest regard for his daughter's highest interests, who recognized at once her precocious abilities, and made her a pianist of the first importance. Friedrich Wieck was a great teacher, and while not a creative musician or a proficient executant, he nevertheless had the real artist's insight and inspiration, and was gifted with the superb capacity of transferring his knowledge and enthusiasm to his pupils, and of arousing in them a spirit of achievement far greater than his own.

From her earliest years Clara Wieck kept a diary. This, with a constant interchange of letters between herself and the great and important everywhere, made a wealth of material rarely accessible to the biographer. Father Wieck himself began the diary when the child was yet too young to make entries. Some of the father's interpolations were by no means flattering to the diarist, and were doubtless intended as wholesome injunctions to the young girl. Her success as a player both in private and public soon became marked, and her reputation began to spread. When she was nine years old she made a successful appearance at the Leipsic Gewandhaus. In her tenth year she met Paganini, who praised her playing and gave her great encouragement. As she herself says:

"I had to play to him on a wretched old piano with black keys which had been left behind by a student; I played my Polonaise in E b, which he liked very much, and he told my father that I had a vocation for art, because I had feeling. He at once gave us permission to attend all his rehearsals,— which we did."

We may also insert here an account from the diary of a visit made to Goethe in Weimar.

"On October 1, 1831, at 12 o'clock we had an audience with the 83 year-old minister, His Excellency von Goethe. We found him reading and the servant took us in without further announcement, as he made an appointment with us the day before for this hour. He received us very kindly; Clara had to sit by him on the sofa. Soon after his daughter-in-law came in with her two very clever looking children of 10 and 12. Clara was asked to play and as the piano stool was too low Goethe himself fetched a cushion from the anteroom and arranged it for her. She played Herz's La Violetta. While she was playing more visitors arrived and she then played Herz's Bravura Variations, Op. 20. Goethe estimated these compositions and Clara's playing very justly, spoke of the pieces as bright, French and piquant, and admired Clara's intelligent rendering."

Goethe also said of the young girl: "Clara's interpretation makes one forget the composer," and he sent her a bronze medal of himself with a paper containing the inscription: "In kindly remembrance of Oct. 9, 1831, Weimar. J.W. Goethe."

In this manner the development of the great player proceeded; but the event was now to occur which introduced into her life its chief influence, and which gave character to her whole subsequent career. Every stage of her progress is illustrated in the biography by constant citations from the diary or letters, and the connecting links of narrative shine with a full understanding of the musical history of the time. With

* Clara Schumann. An Artist's Life, Based on Material Found in Diaries and Letters. By Berthold Litzmann; translated and abridged from the fourth German edition by Grace E. Hadow, with Preface by W. H. Hadow. In two volumes, illustrated. New York: The Macmillan Co.

the coming of Robert Schumann, the curtain rose on a new advance of German music, indeed of all music; and the romantic phase came in due succession to the classicism out of whose loins it sprang. Robert Schumann, some nine years older than Clara, lived in the same house with the Wiecks. He had been a law student, but it soon became clear to him that law was not to be his avocation, and that music claimed him as a devotee. His mother was by no means ready to permit the change, and wrote to Friedrich Wieck for advice. The latter gave this in a long letter which is even to-day wholesome and convincing reading. When this letter was put into Robert Schumann's hands, he arrived at a decision without delay, and at once enrolled himself as a pupil of the distinguished teacher. The subsequent attachment of the young people, the unexpected but vehement objections of Clara's father, the years of trial and waiting, the marriage at last in spite of every obstacle,— all this may be read here as part of the romance which constituted the life of the great romanticists. The sixteen years of Clara Schumann's married life were the most important part of her earthly pilgrimage. The intimate association with one of the great musicians of all time stimulated her intelligence and invigorated her power of expression. She was introduced into regions of thought and aspiration whither her father with all his skill and assiduity could not lead her. If for a time she found herself thrown somewhat into the shade by the great achievements of the husband, and if the care of an increasing family withdrew her from the public exercise of her art, yet the results appeared later in deepened insight, greater command of the executant's resources, subtler appreciation of the noblest in music, and enlarged skill in original composition. It was a union like that of the Brownings, and the heights which the Schumanns ascended were not less filled with echoes from the heavens. Clara Schumann needed, above all, intellectual awakening and guidance, and these arrived now in no stinted measure. Throughout the letters and diaries are expressions of the debt which she owed to Robert Schumann. In one of the letters she speaks as follows: "I am extremely glad that you are composing so much, and a symphony too? Ah! Robert, that is too good! — So you were offended with me for calling you a second Jean Paul and Beethoven? You shall not hear it again. You are quite right, it is not nice to make such comparisons." It is quite evident, however, what she really thought.

The Schumanns were leaders in the transformation which took place in music after the era of Beethoven. They were important promoters of the Romantic School, however this may be defined and delimited, but nevertheless they were distinctly of the conservatives. They stood with Schubert, Chopin, Mendelssohn, and Brahms; with the Revolutionists, the new Enthusiasts, Berlioz, and Liszt and Wagner, they had little sympathy. They welcomed the advances made by Brahms, and after Robert Schumann's death, Clara found in the works of Brahms the inspiration which her husband's writings had given her during his lifetime. Indeed, the remarkable friendship between the younger musician and the pianist gives a chief interest to the latter pages of the biography. During these years Brahms the composer, Joachim the violinist, and Clara Schumann the pianist, upheld the great musical traditions throughout Europe, and constantly directed the rising innovators back to the illuminations of Bach and Beethoven and Mozart.

Robert Schumann died in 1856. Then followed in some sense the great years of this woman's career. There was a large family to support and there were musical battles to be won. The widowed artist set herself to the task. She now went on her great concert tours, and every country in Europe listened to the message which her mature art brought. It was a message of finished performance, it was a message of sincerity and nobility, it was a message which emphasized the highest aspects of music. She was assisted in this effort by Joachim, an idealist like herself, and they both hailed Johannes Brahms as the master whose creations were in the direct line of succession with the music that meant most to mankind. The experiences of Clara Schumann were as wide as the world of music: kings and queens paid her homage; all the great of her time — poets, novelists, painters — gave her recognition and fellowship. Notable are the friendships with Jenny Lind, Grillparzer, and Wilhelmine Schröder-Devrient, to the latter of whom Clara Schumann wrote a candid letter of advice when she proposed to return to the stage after her voice had failed. The diary is full of vivid and striking reminiscences. Probably no pianist ever had a more significant destiny. Allgeyer, who began the biography which Litzmann completed after the death of his predecessor, says of her:

"In whatever character, in whatever relationship to the world at large Clara Schumann shows herself in her correspondence, whether as daughter, sister, friend,

betrothed, wife, mother, artist, colleague, or teacher, everywhere and always it is the absolute humanity combined with the fathomless depths of a pure woman's soul which attracts and touches us. . . . After what has been said, the prominent position held by Clara Schumann in the musical life of our day needs no explanation."

The translation is well done; it shows complete understanding of the original and reads like an English book. There are, however, some sad misprints. The work contains a number of portraits, and each volume is furnished with a copious and valuable index.

LOUIS JAMES BLOCK.

VINCENT VAN GOGH: POST-IMPRESSIONIST.*

The air is so full at present of utterances concerning Futurists, Cubists, Neo-Impressionists, and Post-Impressionists, that it seems wrong to add anything to the dust. Still we believe that it will not add to the confusion, and may even have a clarifying effect, to introduce into the public mind, if possible, a few facts and ideas concerning Vincent Van Gogh, some of whose correspondence has been recently edited by Mr. Anthony M. Ludovici. It may perhaps be something like putting a piece of fish skin into boiling coffee, or a raw egg; or indeed it may be more like the dash of cold water which some people think as good as anything else. A reading of these letters will certainly do something to clear away the extravagances which now cloud the public mind. They were written long since, and so are free from present aberrations. Nowadays you will rarely have a conversation with anybody concerning Post-Impressionist Art without some mention of DuChamps's "Nude Descending the Stair"; you will rarely see pictures representing the latest ideas in painting, or in this case sculpture, which do not have among them that long-legged lady by Lembruch. You will rarely, in other words, hear any direct discussion of the real principles of these matters,—any discussion which is not confused by all sorts of current facts and ideas on art which have happened to get themselves connected with the subject. But really it is better to think simply in regard to these things, if possible; and one has opportunity to think simply in reading these letters of Van Gogh, for he does not seem to have been of a very complicated nature, and it does not seem very hard to understand the principles that guided his life.

People will open this book with all sorts of ideas in mind. Some who are pretty well informed will be glad to see in this convenient form letters which they may have already read in the original, or may have heard of. Others will think it a good opportunity to get at something more or less definite concerning latest eccentricities in painting. Many, I imagine, will open the book with some little wonder as to who Van Gogh was. On this matter, I shall offer a remark which I find in a current periodical: "The trinity of modern painting is composed of Cézanne, Gauguin, and Van Gogh. It is they who have initiated the great and far-reaching movement which bids fair to change the complexion of latter-day pictorial expression. They are the real pathfinders, the veritable heralds of all that has come after, and in their footsteps, walk, with every show of humility, the men of the present." That certainly is definite enough. If there is anybody who after reading that does not wish to know more about Van Gogh, he must certainly have very little interest in the art of the future, or very little confidence in the authority which I cite. Vincent Van Gogh, "to whom the present generation of ultra modern progressives has turned for inspiration and æsthetic renewal," was a painter of the last century, who worked for a few years in Holland and France and died in the year 1890. He had by that time painted a considerable number of pictures,—over five hundred, I believe, although he had worked but eight or ten years. For a considerable time he remained practically unknown, or known only to a very few. It was not until fifteen or twenty years after his death that even his name began to be at all familiar, and even now it is not easy to get much accurate information concerning him or his works. There are several of his pictures in the International Exhibition of Modern Art, notably one entitled "Bal Arles," which people may remember. This picture is not an especially characteristic one, but it seems to be that which has made the most impression on the public.

It is best to turn to a reading of these "Letters of a Post-Impressionist" with the simple desire of finding out something of Van Gogh himself, and without much notion of all the things which have been lately said about him and about modern movements in painting. Whatever may be said now concerning Van Gogh, he undoubtedly was a man who lived rather a simple, direct, straightforward kind of life, unconfused by the ideas of other people or by movements which included other artists. He

*THE LETTERS OF A POST-IMPRESSIONIST. Being the Familiar Correspondence of Vincent Van Gogh. Translated by A. M. Ludovici. Illustrated. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co.

was evidently an original person, not one of a school. He seems to have known little of the great Impressionists, except what he picked up from their pictures. There is in these letters very little mention of any of the men who in the eighties were gradually coming to prominence and recognition. Undoubtedly Van Gogh found much with which to sympathize in the paintings of Manet, Monet, Rafaelli, and Degas, as well as others, but he does not seem to have had any more to do with them personally than he did with the great painters of the past. Neither did he apparently have as much interest in their paintings as he did in those of Delacroix, for example, or Rembrandt and the other Dutchmen,—particularly, let us say, in Vermeer of Delft, "that incomparable sphinx whose extraordinary sound technic which people so ardently long to find to-day, was never to be surpassed." Neither was he particularly acquainted with those who have been called Neo-Impressionists, except Seurat. He did not even live in close connection with those whose names are commonly associated with him. He had seen few of the pictures of Cézanne, and his letters have very little mention of him. He was more closely thrown with Gauguin, for whom he felt a close and fundamental sympathy and who undoubtedly was a powerful influence in his later life. He does in one case speak to Bernard about "working away with me and Gauguin." He is now called a Post-Impressionist, but it does not appear that he ever called himself so, or that anybody ever used the name in his life-time. It is a name that has been applied since his death, to designate a number of those who came after the great Impressionists, who had something of their spirit, or who struck out for themselves in paths which since their time have been followed by many who have gone much farther than the forerunners went themselves.

There are several reasons why people interested in art should read these letters. They are, for one thing, quite an unusual production,—the intimate personal talk of one who whether he were a great painter or not was certainly a great critic of art. They are, further, a fairly representative expression of a definite theory of art. But they are also (and it is in this respect, I take it, that they are most important) a real means of learning about something in the world of art at present which otherwise we should have small chance of knowing. The art world, says Mr. Ludovici mildly, is not without its arch humbugs. That is certainly so. There have always been humbugs and arch humbugs in the world of art. To-day there is a more favorable atmosphere for them than ever before. This is the hey-dey of advertising,—which means the day of opportunity for the sophist in every walk of life, the man who believes that the great thing in the world is talk and not fact. This is the great day of popular art, in which there are hundreds and thousands of people earnestly desirous of knowing about the beautiful things of the world and so offering an opportunity to all sorts of pretentious and pretended virtuosi, cognoscenti, dilettanti, critics, and connoisseurs. It is a day of great wealth and luxury, in which there are many who desire beauty of surroundings without regard to cost. Under these conditions there is great probability of people coming to the front in the world of art by means of impudence, calculation, obtrusive stupiosity, foolishness, or (as has been suggested) insanity; and whatever has the possibility of being made to pay will undoubtedly be presented as being the greatest thing in the world.

In other words it is hard for us to get the truth in regard to modern art. The day of the great painters is for the moment over. The day of the advertisers, the popular magazines, the journalists, the promoters, the puffers, the art dealers, has come in. It requires the clearest mind, the finest taste, the widest opportunities to remain unperturbed in the whirl; no one need be ashamed of losing his head now and then. But in these letters of Van Gogh we have the natural and uncolored utterance of one of these men who is now at the centre of the cyclonic duststorm. We may regret the hardships and the obscurity of Van Gogh's life. But now that it is all over, it has its advantage, for it gives his work the stamp of sincerity. These letters were written for his brother and his most intimate friend. He could have had no idea that they would ever come before the public; he could have had no thought of advertising charlatanry or puffery. He simply expressed himself in these letters that no one but his brother would read as he had expressed himself in his pictures that no one would buy. But whereas it is difficult for the average man to understand what he had to say through the medium of painting, it is not hard to understand what he said in the universal medium of words. So if we really desire to know, if not what Van Gogh was, at least what he wanted to be, we may find out here.

I shall not anticipate the pleasure of the reader in turning to this volume. I will merely note one or two things that seem to me signi-

ficant. The first is that Van Gogh considered himself as the painter of Humanity,— not the painter of an ultra-refined, super-sensitive decadent civilization, but an almost primitive painter of Man, Life Vitality.

But over against this fine ideal and breadth of view we must put the unfortunate fact that Van Gogh could not paint the figure very well. Although he certainly had astonishing facility for one who had never toiled and labored at the technique of his art, he does not seem to have been able to paint anything very well, and the figure is not the easiest thing to paint. In landscape or still life one may vary more or less from the facts to humor one's inabilities or vaguenesses, but with the figure it is much harder; one has to make it pretty nearly the way it is or ought to be, if one is painting out of one's head, as Van Gogh sometimes had to. Otherwise it will look funny. Van Gogh himself did not feel that he painted very well; he knew that he could draw, for he had practiced for many years, but he was rather surprised to find that he could paint.

As to his method of painting, something might be said, although he himself remarked that he really did not know how he painted, that he was glad he had never learned to paint, that he observed no system. Yet he had, of course, something of a theory of painting, gained partly from practice, but more it would seem from a study of the masters whom he recognized later. His study of pictures gave him certain fundamental ideas, but he added to it much technical practice. He never studied in any art school, nor indeed, save for a few months with Mauve, with any older artist. Yet he practiced much. "Before I began to paint I made such a long and careful study of drawing and perspective that I can now sketch a thing as I see it." He certainly believed that art required long and untiring industry, observation, work. So he worked from nature that in time he might do something from imagination. Yet this working "from imagination" never seduced him from actual work from nature,—"an enchanted land," he says; "for the present I shall not crack my brains over it." In general he needed models. "I do not mean that I never turn my back boldly upon nature . . . but I am frightened to death of losing accuracy of form. Perhaps later on, after ten years of study, I shall try."

This need of models led him to paint landscape more than anything else, for nature always offers one something beautiful free of fee, while people as a rule charge when they pose. "I have painted seven studies of corn; unfortunately quite against my will, they are only landscapes." Like most innovators in art he was strong for nature. "What am I but a friend of nature," says he; "I have learned my trade in Nature's workshop." And it was that he might paint Man. "Who is going to paint Man as Claude Monet painted landscape?" he asks; and as was most natural, at first he thought much of the peasant life all around him, the life that Israels had painted, and in France especially Millet and Lhermitte. He wanted to paint Humanity. He wanted to get at life. Like many other men not wholly normal, he admired and delighted in health. Like Nietzsche, he admired the physical strength and power and poise which was lacking in himself. He was no whiner, but one can readily see his lack of the normal health that he would have delighted in. He did not live a normal life,— perhaps he could not; once toward the end of the month when he was very anxious to buy five picture frames he had to live on bread and coffee for a week, and doubtless there were many more such things.

Yet, if one can judge from this book, Van Gogh was really more inspired by art than by nature: he lived an artistic life and said himself that in the midst of such a life "there arises again and again the yearning for real life, which remains an unrealizable ideal." And it seems to me pretty clear that Van Gogh's painting was more the product of the painting of the past than of the life about him. That is a judgment which it would be absurd to pronounce absolutely before one had the chance to study his pictures (as I have not); but from reading his letters one gets the idea that the influence of other painters upon Van Gogh was strong. He was perhaps not particularly influenced by contemporaries; as has been said, he had little to do with Impressionists or Neo-Impressionists except to accept a good many of their results as anyone accepts the commonplace truths of life. But he owed much to the old Dutch masters, if not so much in technique (save with Vander Meer of Delft) at least in conception of the aim and purpose of art. Rembrandt and Franz Hals and their broad painting of humanity fascinated him. The latter, it will be remembered, was particularly the favorite of the eighties, not only for his general temper, but for various technical reasons. Van Gogh had the sense to see that the "square touch" cult of Franz Hals amounted to little compared with

his big view of life. He runs over his subjects—"soldier pictures, officers, banquets, portraits of magistrates . . . a drunken toper, a beautiful Bohemian courtesan . . . tramps, musicians, and a fat cook." "We cannot do anything else," says he; "but all this is worthy of Dante's Paradise." It is perhaps not worth questioning whether life in general led Van Gogh to appreciate Franz Hals, or Franz Hals led him to appreciate life in general.

So much for the question of subject matter. I am led to think much the same thing in regard to questions of technique. Van Gogh was in the main a colorist. "Color on color means something," was his view. "I know that we are now engaged in the problem of color"; "things present themselves to me in colors which formerly I never used to see," and other such utterances show his preoccupation. And it was for such reason it would appear that he was so interested in the pictures of Delacroix. It would seem at first view as though there could be very little connection between this great Romanticist and a painter of the time of Van Gogh. But there is no one but Rembrandt of whom he speaks more and with more interest. "Armed with an almost complete mastery of Rembrandt," he says, "I discovered that Delacroix obtained his effects by means of his color, and Rembrandt by means of his values; but they are worthy of each other." And in the same spirit he says that his work (so far as color is concerned) "is certainly much more under the suggestion of Delacroix' painting" than of the Impressionists. If now we ask what is the influence of Delacroix in this cardinal point of color, I cannot say what would be the answer from a study of Van Gogh's works. But if his letters give us a good idea of his practice, the answer would be that it is expressed largely in combinations of lemon yellow and prussian blue. He notes Delacroix's passion for this combination, saying that he created really magnificent things thereby. And it is to be noted, then, that no combination is more commonly in his own mind. In telling how he would paint a portrait which should reveal in the painting all the love he had for the man, he makes a combination of yellow and blue (so that the portrait looks like a star suspended in ether upon a rich blue background), he plans to decorate his studio with sunflowers (it was in '88) against a blue background, his view of Arles is of meadows full of dandelions with a ditch full of irises, he notes a picture by Puvis de Chavannes, a man in a blue room reading a yellow book. At the same time he makes a still life composition blue enamelled coffee-pot, etc., with oranges and lemons, "a symphony in blue tones, animated by a scale of yellow ranging to orange,"—he sees pale sunsets (with glorious golden suns) which make the ground appear quite blue; in fact, he theorizes, "there is no blue without yellow and orange, and when you paint blue, paint yellow and orange as well." So without the benefit of a comparison of the works of Delacroix and the five hundred pictures of Van Gogh, one gathers from his letters that the influence of the elder painter suggested to him certain moods of seeing nature which more and more dominated his work.

He was a sincere worker, doing what he did for its own sake, without hope of other reward than comes from work well done. He believed himself an innovator. He believed in an art of the future which ought to be so beautiful that it was worth making sacrifices for. He believed that the art of the future would have a new theory of color as of drawing. He believed that he and his friends would triumph in the end, even though he doubted if they would live to see their triumph. If what has been said about him appears to have little connection with what is now called "futurist," I cannot help it. I have thought it better to show what were the actual ideas of one said to be a beginner of the modern movement, than to try to view his work in the light of what has come to pass.

EDWARD E. HALE.

DISCUSSIONS OF THE TRUST PROBLEM.*

Considering the prominence of the trust problem in this country the scarcity of satisfactory books on the subject is surprising. Until within about a year, scarcely any serious and scholarly attempt at a general discussion of the problem in book form had appeared for nearly a decade. Fortunately, however, this does not mean that the decade has brought no appreciable progress in arriving at a clearer understanding of the question and a more general consensus of opinion as to the best method of procedure in dealing with the problem.

In the first place, considerable advance has been made in disentangling the trust problem, which deals with the question of monopoly price and trust methods of competition, from the corporation problem, which is concerned with the

*THE CONTROL OF TRUSTS. By John Bates Clark and John Maurice Clark. New York: The Macmillan Co.

INDUSTRIAL COMBINATIONS AND TRUSTS. Edited by William S. Stevens, Ph.D. New York: The Macmillan Co.

question how we can devise a form of corporate organization which will meet the needs of modern large scale industry, and at the same time maintain proper relations between, and safeguard the respective interests of, creditors, company officials, and the various groups of investors. There is still much to be done in making this distinction clear to those engaged in formulating our laws. Secondly, there has come to be a fairly general recognition of the fact that there is no one cause which can be held responsible for the growth of our industrial combinations, but that they are due to a great variety of factors, certain of which lead to undesirable forms of growth; the obvious conclusion being that the proper method of procedure is to strike at the root of the evil by doing away with the causes leading to these undesirable results. A third point, upon which, however, there is much less general agreement, is that the trusts have many economic characteristics common to the public service companies, where monopoly is admitted to be desirable; the corollary being that they ought to be regulated in much the same way. While the authors of the two books considered in this review would not accept all of these conclusions, yet the influence of the general trend of current discussion thus outlined is clearly evident in their volumes.

The first edition of Clark's "The Control of Trusts" appeared in 1901; but the present revision is substantially a new book, being more than twice the size of the former and now written in collaboration with the author's son. In it the authors have made no attempt to describe trust methods or to give an historical account of the trust movement, but have limited themselves to discussing the solution of the problem. The general position taken on this point is well summarized as follows:

> "Most of the measures proposed for the regulation of trusts fall into one or the other of two classes, of which the first consists of those which would merely destroy monopoly and make competition free, while the other includes measures that would relinquish such attempts, surrender to the principle of monopoly and protect the public by regulating prices through official bodies. This plan means trying to do in industry what we have partially succeeded in doing in transportation."
>
> "This book advocates a third course; namely, regulating competition. It would cut off entirely an abnormal type of it by forbidding and repressing the cut-throat operations by which the trusts often crush their rivals. Further, it would remove the special inducement to such measures and thus create a condition in which competition of a tolerant kind would rule business life."

This policy is advocated in the belief that the checks on progress, which the authors claim come with monopoly, are much more serious than the high prices resulting therefrom; that it is possible to destroy the trusts, and that so doing will most accelerate technical progress, the welfare of the laborer, and the growth of the world's wealth. The underlying assumption of the volume is thus a belief in the efficacy of competition.

The authors are careful to explain, however, that this does not mean absolutely unrestrained competition — *laissez faire* — but a form of regulated competition which will prohibit certain undesirable methods of rivalry. It is in this connection that we find the most important modification of the views expressed in the first edition; and the reason is a very suggestive one. Originally it was stated that potential competition, if given free play, was sufficient to control the trusts; but now it is explained that the experience of the last decade has compelled an abandonment of this view, since it has shown that "the potentiality of unfair attacks by the trusts tended to destroy the potentiality of competition." Hence the conclusion that the methods of competition used by the trusts must be regulated.

The specific legislation required to carry out this plan of reform naturally involves a variety of measures calculated both to stimulate and to regulate competition. The protective tariff should not be abolished, but kept at a level such as will enable the independent domestic producer of fair efficiency to compete on reasonable terms with the foreign producer and yet not be crushed out by the domestic trust. Certain reforms must be made in our corporation laws, such as the abolition of the holding company and the securing of greater publicity. Railroad discriminations and favors must be abolished, and waterways kept free from railroad dominance. Our patent laws must be revised, and such unfair methods of competition as local price-cutting and factor agreements must be prevented. All these measures involve difficulties which the authors frankly recognize and freely discuss, while concluding that they will permit that degree of consolidation which is required to give efficiency and at the same time avoid the deadening effects of monopoly and the consequent necessity for price regulation.

The general method of procedure here outlined would undoubtedly meet the approval of the majority of economists, and is in line with the general trend of recent writings on the subject, as suggested above. Even among those who doubt the adequacy of the reforms, most

will agree that some such measures at least should be the first step in our plans to control the trusts. To the mind of the reviewer, the question whether these measures will prove sufficient is the most serious one to be raised. For example, they afford no means whatever for regulating a trust based on control of a natural resource. Moreover, it is assumed that there is no industry outside of public utilities where regulated monopoly can be more desirable than competition. Doubtless there are not many such in any case, but can we fairly assume that there are none when we see that, so far as economic characteristics are concerned, it is impossible to draw any hard and fast line between public utilities and industrial combinations? To some the wisdom of the tariff policy advocated by the authors will also appear open to question. If the purpose of competition be to secure progress and low prices, why resort to a tariff for the sake of protecting the independent domestic producer against the domestic trust, when to do so necessitates maintaining a higher level of prices and hindering the importation of the cheaper foreign product? Minor points of criticism aside, however, the general plan of regulated competition is certainly to be commended to the thoughtful consideration of the public. Whether in the long run it will prove adequate to cope with the problem is open to doubt. Perhaps another decade's experience will give us the answer. At any rate, this will be a step in the right direction.

The volume edited by Dr. William S. Stevens is a collection of selected readings or "case material" on the question of trusts, though the title gives no indication of this fact. The selections have been chosen almost entirely from court proceedings or from legislative and congressional investigations, the testimony in the recent hearings having been heavily drawn upon. Brief introductory notes head each chapter.

The value of such a volume depends chiefly on the character of the selections chosen, and it may at once be said that in general this task has been well performed. The selections include many things not easily obtainable elsewhere; they are up-to-date, fairly broad in scope, and avoid the common mistake of confusing the trust problem and the corporation problem. A considerable amount of unimportant material scattered through the selections could have been excluded without loss, and the omission of anything bearing on the connection between the tariff or the railroads and the trusts is to be regretted. The introductory notes, also, could have been expanded to great advantage.

The editor expresses the hope that the book will be of service to both the college student and the general reader. Its value to the former will at once be evident, for it is distinctly superior to anything now available in its field, and will undoubtedly find widespread use among our colleges. Its value for the general reader is not so clear. The claim that a group of selections will give an unbiassed view rests on the assumption that there is no bias in making the selections, and in this case the claim seems justified by the results. Yet one is compelled to doubt whether a reader not already fairly familiar with the subject would appreciate the significance of the testimony and legal documents here set forth, or could obtain from them the least conception of the fundamental forces in the evolution of industrial society which are responsible for the whole movement towards industrial combinations. If read along with, or after, some general account of the trust problem, this volume would prove instructive, but by itself it is not adapted to the wants of the general reader.

CHESTER WHITNEY WRIGHT.

INCOHERENT STUDIES IN PLAY-STRUCTURE.*

A series of talks on the drama should not be thrown together and called a critical work; nor should so badly written a book as Miss Hunt's be given the endorsement of the Drama League of America, if the League wishes to inspire confidence in its judgment. We might indeed pass over split infinitives, as well as relative and demonstrative pronouns ruthlessly deprived of antecedents; we might even tolerate paragraphing that knows no law but the caprice of the writer, or connive at mixed metaphors as exhibiting a cheerful idiosyncrasy on the part of the author of their being. But when we come across such flagrant violation of good English as "passed a very sensible remark," "keep off of," "romantistic," "comedic," "novelistic," "ideaed," "chiefest," "soliloquial," "zestful," "relucts," "*à la* Robinson Crusoe,"—when we encounter such a sentence as "As for what Shakespeare's tragedies would be without their soliloquies—the imagination refuses to take so laborious a flight," or "It is generally conceded

*THE PLAY OF TO-DAY. Studies in Play-Structure for the Student and the Theatre-Goer. By Elizabeth R. Hunt. New York: John Lane Co.

that the theory of the realist, which bases his art on the taking of notes, etc.,"—then we regret that the critic did not first learn to write English before undertaking to write about plays.

Nor is the arrangement of the material more satisfactory than the expression of the ideas. The first six chapters, comprising an introductory one on drama study and five on the structure of the play, are followed by three on separate types of play,—the catastrophic play, the play of the day, and the comedy of manners. So far so good. But this continuity is broken by four chapters dealing successively with the unities, the soliloquy, realism, and dramatic literature, which have no organic relation to one another or to what precedes or follows. The interrupted discussion of the kinds of plays is now, however, resumed with a treatment of the purpose play, the pieced-out play, and the static play, only to be again broken in upon by two chapters on acting scenery and British and American English, and to be finally taken up in a chapter on the play for children.

Nevertheless the book should be in many ways useful to the layman who would know more of the drama than he can learn from newspaper notices of current theatrical productions. Especially useful are the chapters dealing with the structure of the play and the several types of drama presented on the modern stage. Less satisfactory is the discussion of dramatic conventions and principles. The unities are dismissed after a perfunctory consideration of the unity of action in "The Servant in the House." In the treatment of the soliloquy we are told that we learn about a character by "indirect vision," —that is, "as he is reflected in the minds [sic] of every other person on the stage"; as if that were sufficient, or as if the soliloquy were an entirely discarded convention. How much should we learn of Hamlet or Iago by indirect vision or what takes the place in the modern drama of this self-revelation given in the soliloquy of the Shakespearean play? Must the inscrutable character, whom indirect vision fails to reveal, disappear from the stage, or must the audience remain in the dark along with the other characters in the play? This chapter does not say.

A chapter on realism would necessarily attract the attention of anyone distracted by the jarring cries of realist and romanticist; here he might hope for a solution he could understand, or at least a presentation of the problem which would help to determine his own judgment. But what does he learn? As a sort of topic sentence he sees the properly italicized legend, like an advertisement of a prosperous tailoring establishment, "The realist *knows how*." For, first, "he respects human beings and real life with a profound feeling of the creative artist for his material" and "he is content to study his material with the sole aim of understanding it." Again, "his deeply artistic regard for human nature forces him to base his art on observation —on the more or less literal taking of notes— and on that alone." "The realist's art, then, begins by exteriorizing and ends with a revelation of the innermost nature." All of which sounds very familiar, and is true of all high art whether modern or ancient, realistic or romantic. When Miss Hunt comes to the romanticist— and she does so with a manifest bias against him — she is not so clear. His philosophy of art, she says, "seems to be based on a curious combination of experience and imagination," according to which the artist gets inside his characters and feels with them; in other words, the romanticist is purely subjective and his characters move only as he directs. On the other hand, the characters of the realist "get out of his control so that they fairly make things happen." It is unfortunate that Miss Hunt did not see fit to illustrate her point here by citing romantic writers and their works to the bar, though she did summon several realists. Who are these romantic writers whose creatures are mere puppets, the products of imagination and sympathy? Are they Browning and Byron and all who have failed in the drama? Is Shakespeare a realist, along with Ibsen and Mr. Galsworthy? For surely he is not a romanticist according to the definition. The seeker for knowledge would like to know.

We defy anyone to gather what is meant by dramatic literature from the chapter headed "What Is Dramatic Literature?" Mr. Barrie's two plays, "The Admirable Crichton" and "What Every Woman Knows," are chosen as types, and one of the features especially commended—as literature?—is the pantomimic scenes! At the end of a chapter we still ask the question. One of the plays discussed under the head of "The Play for Children" is Rostand's "Chantecler"! Such critical acumen leads one back to the words quoted, on the wrapper of the volume, from the remarks of "a Professor in the University of Chicago" that "what is most needed is a book on play building that is safe and sound." These words still hold true, Miss Hunt and her publishers to the contrary notwithstanding.

JAMES W. TUPPER.

Recent Fiction.*

The author of "A Man's World" has given us, in "Comrade Yetta," a second realistic and deeply sympathetic study of the stratum of human life which is best known to the social settlements and the police courts — the life of the proletariat struggling for the means of a decent human existence. Comrade Yetta is a Jewish girl, who has imbibed idealism from her father's teachings, and who, when thrown on the world by his death, finds the sweat-shop the only means of livelihood open to her. How she escapes from the hell of this existence, how she is tempted and just escapes from falling, and how she becomes an important factor in the trade-union activities of the East Side and a helpful worker in the socialist cause, are told with vivid truth in the pages of this transcript of actual life which we hesitate to call a novel. Fully to appreciate this work of Mr. Edwards, one must share its bias, for it presents only one aspect of the terrible problem of poverty. It takes for granted, as beyond any possible argument, the justifiability of strikes, and picketing, and the organization of underpaid labor. It is frankly committed to the socialist theory of society, and makes an eloquent plea for the socialist remedies. Conceding this bias, it is a deeply moving human story, incisive in its characterizations, and comparatively free from the maudlin sentiment with which many writers who have the author's viewpoint beslobber their work. Implicit in every line is a caustic criticism of the social order such as only one who has seen it eye to eye could have written. Mr. Edwards achieves his effects by sympathetic portrayal rather than by pumped-up rhetoric, and therein is the secret of his power.

The "Running Sands" of Mr. Reginald Wright Kauffman's novel are the sands of life — the life of a bachelor of fifty who, possessed of a fortune won by hard labor in the West, goes to New York to enjoy what he thinks the world owes him in the way of happiness, and takes unto himself a wife of eighteen. The moral seems to be that a man should not let his love be so much younger than himself, and that such an ill-assorted union is sure to bring disaster. It certainly does prove disastrous in the present case, but mainly because the girl is capricious beyond the average of her sex, and also because she shrinks from the normal obligations of wifehood. If it were merely that a young lover appears upon the scene, awakening her undeveloped nature, we should have a replica of the situation that has formed the theme of a thousand novels, and should find our sympathies enlisted on behalf of the paramount claims of triumphant and arrogant youth, with perhaps a tear of pity for the sorrow of the lover of advanced age. But in this case, the girl takes time to know her own mind before committing herself to marriage, and then acts in a way that completely alienates our sympathies. She avoids maternity by criminal means, and Mr. Kauffman, as we know, does not mince matters when he deals with subjects that demand a decent reticence. It is a tragedy, no doubt, but a tragedy not resulting, as the author would have us think, from the situation, but rather from the undisciplined character of the young woman. So it seems to us well, on the whole, that in the end she fails to accomplish her selfish purpose, and is forced to continue in what is at least the semblance of the relation which society has sanctioned.

Mr. Booth Tarkington should have found for his latest novel some title having a less innocent connotation than "The Flirt." This word suggests the playfulness of comedy, whereas the woman whom it here designates is a person of such hardened selfishness and instinctive depravity that her conduct takes toll of human lives, having its outcome not in sentimental sorrows but in tragedy. We are not prepared for this in the beginning, for Cora Madison first attracts us by her exhibition of the amusing wiles of the coquette, and it is only later that her meanness and wickedness are disclosed. The thirteen-year-old brother whom she calls the Pest is an affliction that she fully deserves, and if his ingenuity for malicious mischief had taken her for its sole victim, we should feel almost kindly toward him. The Madisons live in a small inland town, and Cora is adored by all the men of her acquaintance. They feed out of her hand, and, being a poor-spirited lot, meekly endure whatever insults and affronts she pleases to bestow upon them. When a fascinating stranger (the returned native) appears upon the scene, she makes a dead set at him, and it is some satisfaction to realize that he is an adventurer notorious in Europe as a gambler and confidence man. He has a scheme for promoting an oil field in the Basilicata, and gets Cora to persuade her friends to invest their money in the enterprise. When his rascality is eventually disclosed, Cora first learns the meaning of defeat, but even then she suffers not so much from remorse as from wounded vanity. Hastening to one of the poor-spirited lovers whom she has rejected, she offers herself to him on condition that he marry her at once and take her away

*Comrade Yetta. By Albert Edwards. New York: The Macmillan Co.

Running Sands. By Reginald Wright Kauffman. New York: Dodd, Mead & Co.

The Flirt. By Booth Tarkington. New York: Doubleday, Page & Co.

The Road of Living Men. By Will Levington Comfort. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Co.

New Leaf Mills. A Chronicle. By William Dean Howells. New York: Harper & Brothers.

The Isle of Life. By Stephen French Whitman. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

The Bishop's Purse. By Cleveland Moffett and Oliver Herford. New York: D. Appleton & Co.

The Heart of the Hills. By John Fox, Jr. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

The Fifth Trumpet. By Paul Bertram. New York: John Lane Co.

The Amateur Gentleman. By Jeffery Farnol. Boston: Little, Brown & Co.

The Mating of Lydia. By Mrs. Humphry Ward. New York: Doubleday, Page & Co.

The Combined Maze. By May Sinclair. New York: Harper & Brothers.

for a long wedding journey. Since he accepts the offer with enthusiasm, he probably gets about what he deserves. Another of the suitors shoots the exposed adventurer, and then himself, thus partly clearing the stage. A more unconvincing piece of fiction we have not often read; or one in which the characters have been more puppet-like and the action more mechanical.

In "The Road of Living Men," Mr. Will Levington Comfort's fourth novel, the author returns to the manner of "Routledge Rides Alone," having jettisoned a large part of the cargo of turgid rhetoric and amorphous philosophizing with which his later books have been overfreighted. He still speaks at times with the voice of the mystic, and the robes of the prophet still trail about him, but on the whole he has written another straightforward story of adventure, and made it a transcript of external rather than of internal experience. It all begins at Oporto, where the boy Thomas Ryerson first meets the girl Mary Romany. Both are children, but both have the sense of being linked together by destiny. After this prelude, the story is told in three sections, the scenes being China, Long Island, and Ecuador, respectively. Mary is the daughter of a mining prospector whose operations take him to China just before the rising of the Boxers. Here we have a vivid account of the beginning of that rebellion, and of the heroine's rescue by Ryerson. The Long Island section is an idyllic episode of love-making between the two. The South American section again gives us a story of wild adventure, for the prospector is working a concession in Ecuador, and has to get the better of the warring factions of the republic as well as of his own mutinous followers. Here Ryerson joins him, and they succeed, contending against almost insuperable obstacles, in running out the accumulated gold. This gives the narrative that whirlwind finish which is one of Mr. Comfort's specialties. Like its predecessors, this novel is largely a pæan in praise of woman, and of her potency as a factor in the spiritual development of man. Mr. Comfort makes himself the prophet of womankind as an Egerian influence, and all the unlovely current manifestations of the feminist movement seem not to have shaken one whit his faith in her divine mission. It is a joy to encounter such wholehearted romantic idealism as he sets before us in an age when the chief literary currents are setting toward a sordid realism or a grotesque distortion of the truth of life. He gives us to understand that the book was written in response to the plea of a friend who wrote: "Do us just a story—a story so sheer and calling, that one by one we shall steal away from the world's company, as if we heard our lover's whistle out among the trees; steal away and follow on and on, entranced, expectant, fresh-eyed as children; just for once put away reforms and impressiveness; do not remind us this once that we are going full tilt in directions damnable." And so on. It is a little gushing, but it helps us to understand the spirit in which the story is told.

Mr. Howells would, we imagine, be the last person in the world to suppose that, in "New Leaf Mills," he had produced a work in any way comparable with his own masterpieces. But, slight as the new story is, it has all the charm of his inimitable style, and exhales all the sweetness of the personality which has made him the most beloved of our men of letters. He has simply gone back to the time of his Ohio boyhood sixty years ago, and fished out of his recollections the materials for a picture of the way in which simple people then lived on what was then the western fringe of our civilization. He tells the story of Owen Powell and his family, who finds it hard to make a living in town, buys an old mill in the country, with the aim of establishing a coöperative community of the type which then hovered before men's minds as likely to furnish the solution of the social problem. He wishes to turn over a new leaf, and this suggests a name for the enterprise. The plan is given up in the end, and not very much happens in between—there is a house-raising, and a surly miller who resents the intrusion of the new owner, and a hired girl who mysteriously disappears, and that is about all, except a great deal of talk, tinctured with Swedenborgianism, which is Owen Powell's spiritual stay in all his reverses. It is a book which helps us to understand our forbears of a generation or two ago, and is an undeniably veracious transcript of their life.

Mr. Stephen French Whitman gave us a year or so ago, in "Predestined," an unusually human and appealing first novel. His second novel, "The Isle of Dreams," is less convincing, partly because he has made it of less familiar material, and partly because he has attempted to indulge in fine writing. The story opens in Rome, and the first half of it consists of the sort of sophisticated conversation which Mr. R. W. Chambers reels off by the mile, and which bears no relation to the intercourse of men and women in real life. Then, all at once, something happens. A novelist, who has the reputation of being a godless scoffer and a man of unclean life, meets an American beauty, whom he wooes tempestuously, being repulsed for his pains. Finding himself in her company on a steamship, he lures her to the ship's side, clasps her in his arms, and jumps overboard with her. They are rescued, and landed on a small island somewhere near Naples, whereupon he instals the disdainful maiden in a deserted villa. Presently the cholera breaks out on the island, and the simple fisher-folk who inhabit it seek to mob the visitor as the magician who has brought this evil upon them. Whereupon he develops heroic qualities. Holding the mob at bay, he persuades them to disperse, and then applies himself heart and soul to the eradication of the plague. The hatred and suspicion of the islanders become changed to devotion as they witness his unstinted labors in their behalf, and he even wins the blessing of the Camorrist chief who comes from Naples expressly to kill him. As for the woman, she clearly would be no heroine of romance if she could resist such a hero, and her

surrender is inevitable. When her scandalized friends at last come to her aid, they find her curiously indifferent about being rescued. It must be said that the story, as a story, turns out to be much better than the opening chapters have led us to anticipate.

A delightfully whimsical story of the "Button, button, who's got the button?" type is offered in "The Bishop's Purse," by Mr. Oliver Herford and Mr. Cleveland Moffett. A charming young woman, who is also a skilled pickpocket, steals a purse containing five thousand pounds, and afterwards, grown remorseful, seeks to restore it to its owner. But the purse does not stay in the same place, and the pursuit grows complicated. We follow with breathless interest the search for it in its successive hiding-places, and all the while we are rather hoping that the engaging young woman will "get away with the goods"—for such is the immoral effect to which a story of this type stirs our sympathies. The book is by turns detective story, melodrama, and love romance, and in each aspect is particularly entertaining. It even provides studies of character that are artistically worth while, which is more than one expects from a light-hearted invention of this sort.

"The Heart of the Hills" is just the sort of novel Mr. John Fox has taught us to expect. There is a Kentucky mountain boy with a thirst for knowledge who makes considerable of a man of himself. There is also a mountain girl whose language is not what it might be, but who gropes her way to refinement and the cultivation of gentle instincts. These two are predestined for each other, although for a time it seems as if their fates lay in another direction. For, contrasted with them, yet very closely linked by circumstance, are two patrician children, a boy and a girl. It is only when the final mating comes that elective affinity achieves its deep purpose, and caste has the deciding vote. All the way through the novel runs the feud between the Hawns and the Honeycutts, and their relationships are so confused that we are often perplexed to know which is which. Two matters of historical interest are ingeniously worked into the narrative—the terrorism of the night riders in the tobacco war, and the political struggle that had its dramatic climax in the assassination of Goebel. Mr. Fox seems to be only at his second best in this book, which means, no doubt, that he has worked out his richest veins, and has to fall back upon tailings. The story would be striking enough if we were not all the time forced to contrast it with its predecessors.

"The Fifth Trumpet" is a second novel by Mr. Paul Bertram, the author of that sterling historical romance, "The Shadow of Power." The scene is Constance, the year 1418, when the Council is in session, and the friends of the Church are earnestly working for its reform from within. The novel gives a strong and vivid description of the ecclesiastical corruption then prevalent, when avarice and licentiousness ruled in the seats of the mighty, and when timorous souls guarded their speech lest the strong arm of authority should deal with them as heretics. The leading character is the town clerk, an austere and indignant puritan, who endangers himself by his rash utterances, and who finally comes under the ban for his murder of a sensual beast whose frock does not save him from this righteous retribution. In the end he is saved, through the efforts of an adventuress of light morals whom he has scorned, but whose life has a nobler side which is revealed to him in his time of trial. "Magnus Stein had at last found a human being worthy of the name—one who had sinned and erred, but had never done anything mean or small, one who had suffered the deadliest offence and given all for the offender, who had triumphed over all the lesser instincts of our nature and risen to true greatness through her love, and who, if she had erred up to the last, had with that sin purchased her pardon." And so, at last, these two take their leave of Constance, the woman's soul softened and purified by love, the man's sympathies deepened by the revelation of her essential character. It makes a fine historical study and a beautiful romance, reminding us in many ways of "The Cloister and the Hearth," which is the supreme masterpiece in this kind.

It is, on the whole, rather more of a compliment than the reverse to say of Mr. Farnol's "An Amateur Gentleman" that it is "The Broad Highway" over again. For who else among our purveyors of romantic entertainment could have matched that delightful performance? Surely we do not often find ourselves in better company than that of Barnabas Barty, whose father John, sometime Champion of England, is landlord of a country inn. When Barnabas, learning that he is heir to the fortune of a half-forgotten uncle, announces his intention of going to London and becoming a gentleman, he encounters his father's objections, and straightway proves his quality by knocking him down in a friendly passage of fists. Thus do his adventures begin, and they are continued on the road and in the streets of the great city. They are numerous and surprising—surprisingly numerous, we ought to say—and they are such as befits a hero of Barnabas's brawn and disposition. It would be a serious task even to count the occasions upon which he finds himself in dangerous straits, and clears himself by pluck, not unaided, however, by the extraordinary luck which attends his footsteps. It is the London of the Regency to which his path is directed, and he swaggers with the best in that society of sporting bucks and beaus. Everything comes his way, including the fair and aristocratic Cleone, whom he wins from many rivals by his prowess and gentleness, and whose love is so strongly cemented that it is proof against the revelation (which is made in due time) of his plebeian birth. There are characters in these pages that might have stepped out of Dickens and Thackeray, and a wholly satisfying romantic complication that is

lacking in no essential element of interest, and that is worked out in the highest of spirits.

The hand of Mrs. Ward seems to have lost none of its cunning, and, in "The Mating of Lydia," she has again made a surprisingly good story out of comparatively simple materials. It is good not only as to texture and finish of detail, but also as to the elaboration of its plot, which rises steadily to a climax of absorbing interest. The scene is somewhere in the Lake District, where is situated the gloomy castle to which Edmund Melrose, at the opening of the story, brings home his young Italian wife and their child. Melrose, who is a man of immense wealth, is a collector of antiques and *objets d'art*, and the castle is filled with the packing cases that have preceded his arrival. His passion as a collector is such that he is unwilling to provide his wife with the simplest comforts, for which reason she one day takes secret flight, with her going the child and a valuable bronze Hermes much treasured by her husband. To him, it is a good riddance (save for the Hermes), and he takes no steps in the matter, beyond providing a miserable pittance for the woman's support in Italy. Being excessively penurious in all matters wherein art is not concerned, Melrose neglects his tenants until the condition of their cottages becomes a scandal to the whole countryside. One day, a young man named Faversham is bicycling in the neighborhood, and has a bad accident, making it necessary to instal him in the castle, which is the nearest human abode. Melrose fumes about the intrusion, but becomes reconciled to it when he discovers that Faversham is the owner of certain rare gems. The young man remains under Melrose's roof, is given every attention until he recovers, and is then surprised by an offer from Melrose to make him his secretary and agent at a very large salary. He accepts, and is presently informed that he has been made his employer's sole heir. He hopes, as agent for the estate, to be able to secure decent conditions for the tenants, but in this he is thwarted by Melrose's obstinacy. Here arises the moral issue which the author needs to keep her conscience clear. Shall Faversham remain, accomplishing what limited good he can, and all the time looking forward to the opportunities to be given him later, by full possession, or shall he renounce his prospects, and refuse to act as the agent of so unnatural a landlord. When Melrose's wife and child turn up, after the desertion of twenty years previous, the problem becomes still more complicated, for in accepting the heirship, Faversham will be dispossessing those to whom the estate would otherwise go. He is lured, and wavers, and then, when Melrose has died and left him the lawful owner, makes the great renunciation, thereby winning instead the love of the young woman who has made his action in this matter the final searching test of his character. In her view, the money in his possession would be doubly tainted, because of the neglected villages, and because of claims of wife and child to the inheritance. Mrs. Ward makes too much of this latter point, for surely no man is morally or otherwise bound to leave *all* his wealth to wife and children, while as for the other point, there is much to be said for Faversham's temporizing position in consideration of his generous intentions for the future. At any rate, there is the problem, and Mrs. Ward clearly thinks that both arguments against his heirship are morally valid. As for Lydia, a nice girl who paints amateurish pictures, the problem of her "mating" is the choice between Faversham and young Lord Tatham, and we should have been quite as well satisfied had it fallen upon the latter. He, however, gets the Melrose heiress as a consolation prize, and his heart does not seem to be damaged by this substitution of a new object of his affections for the old one.

"The Combined Maze," by Miss May Sinclair, is a novel similar in general theme to Mr. Alfred Ollivant's "The Royal Road." In other words, it tells the harrowing story of a London clerk, who saddles himself with wife, children, and a house on the instalment plan, with no better excuse than is offered by wages of about a hundred pounds a year. It is made more harrowing by the fact that the clerk marries the wrong girl, a wanton creature who develops slatternly habits and finally runs away with another man. All the while, the girl he should have married is near at hand, but even when he might be free to make a home for her, he is prevented by the cost of getting a divorce from his faithless wife. When at last he has scraped together the needed amount, the wife reappears, herself deserted, and his hopes of happiness are again blighted. Miss Sinclair's portraiture is vivid and convincing, at least as to her principal characters. The title of the book is taken from a figure in the hero's polytechnic gymnasium — a marching figure in which boys and girls make complicated designs in the course of their evolutions. It is not a happy title, because it has to be unduly stretched to become a symbol of the maze of life.

WILLIAM MORTON PAYNE.

BRIEFS ON NEW BOOKS.

Austria and her people.

The great dearth of English books descriptive of Austria is quite remarkable. Mr. Briliant, in his bibliographical list on Austria in the "Encyclopædia Britannica," does not refer to a single book in English. Some will perhaps regard this dearth as a sad reflection on the English-speaking world in so far as it shows our extreme indifference to one of the most important countries of Europe. Mr. James Baker, novelist and traveller, now essays to supply a presumably increasing demand with his work on "Austria: Her People and Their Homelands" (Lane). To begin with the worst that can be said of it, the book is wretchedly written, and the publishers are not to be congratulated on putting out in this form a work which needed to be touched up in grammar, spelling, and style in countless spots.

There are errors which would make a bright schoolboy shudder. Some slips are obviously due to carelessness, as when the author speaks of Riva as "the south-eastern outpost of Austria." The writer has made apparently no attempt to render uniformly and correctly the Slavic names, and serenely writes "Cech," "Palacky," "Sevcik," "Dvorak" (though the last is correctly given on p. 6). Even the German names are inconsistently printed; thus on p. 47 we find both Olmütz and Olmutz, but generally the umlaut marks are ignored. In spite of these very serious blemishes, however, there is in the book much that is good. The author has a pleasant chatty style which makes easy reading. He knows his subject thoroughly, having travelled in Austria much for a period of forty years, and makes a very sensible choice of material. He has a good eye for the picturesque, and in general is scrupulously careful about color-words. We wish he had had more space for some of the legends to which he rather tantalizingly refers; for we doubt if many of these legends are easily accessible elsewhere. Considered absolutely, too, the book gives far too little space to Vienna; possibly, however, the author deliberately chose thus to save some space for the less known parts of this wonderful country. The great Oesterreich indeed is deserving of being more widely known. It is full of magnificent scenery; it possesses interesting relics of a most interesting and significant past, both in its picturesque castles and in its superb museums; it is a hive of industry of every kind, from the simple, primitive labor of the peasants to the large manufactories of the centres of trade. Moreover, it should be of special interest to Americans because of the racial rivalries so noticeable in many parts of the country. Concerning these, by the way, Mr. Baker is decidedly optimistic; he regards it as "really an immense power, for the keen emulation and the struggle for supremacy has enforced advancement on all lines." Finally, we have much to learn from Austria about education. Fancy in any American school a well organized course for hotel-keepers and waiters; yet this is precisely what we find at the Innsbruck Handelsakademie. On other matters, too, *e.g.*, the relations between labor and culture, Austria has much for us to learn. Mr. Baker's book may well serve to arouse interest in this wonderful old-new country. We must, finally, grumble a little about the illustrations in water color, by Mr. Donald Maxwell. Some of them are beautiful; yet for the special purpose of the book, we are philistine enough to think that well-selected photographs would have served far better.

President Wilson's political credo.

In the brief and modest preface to "The New Freedom" (Doubleday), President Wilson informs us that the book was put together by Mr. William Bayard Hale, who grouped "in their right sequences the more suggestive portions of my campaign speeches. . . . I have left the sentences in the form in which they were stenographically reported. I have not tried to alter the easy-going and often colloquial phraseology in which they were uttered from the platform, in the hope that they would seem the more fresh and spontaneous because of their very lack of pruning and recasting." The reader may feel some misgiving as to the wisdom of this plan while reading the first address, "The Old Order Changeth," which is somewhat general and abstract and shows no marked clearness or vigor; but as one reads on through succeeding chapters—"What is Progress?" "Freemen Need No Guardians," "Life Comes from the Soil," and the whole series of twelve addresses, concluding with "The Liberation of a People's Vital Energies,"—one becomes more and more convinced that President Wilson judged wisely in retaining the colloquial tone and oral ring of his original style. The tense conviction on fundamental problems of our national life, the broad and deep sympathy with all the people, the splendid enthusiasm for liberty and the free play of human forces—these characteristics of President Wilson are fittingly perpetuated in the language of a leader addressing great audiences of American people. One's satisfaction with the style of the book is confirmed by the reiteration of favorite principles from time to time in the various speeches in a manner scarcely suited to formal written prose, but entirely in keeping with the requirements of oral expression, and serving to impress deeply upon the mind of the reader the chief tenets of the President's political creed and to suggest vividly the living voice addressing great audiences of men and women. Moreover, the enthusiasm of the public leader, so fittingly preserved in this oral style, grows to an ever deeper note and more vibrant ring from the beginning to the end of the volume, so that the effect of the whole series of addresses is assimilated to that of one long and noble oration, rising from sober initial statements through forceful and convincing argument to a climax of rhetorical and even poetic beauty and power. The style, however, is not the main thing in these addresses. The main things are, first, the man—rational, self-restrained, yet fired with indignation against abuses in the government of the great Republic in which he ardently believes; and, secondly, the simple and ancient principles, few and plain, to which he recalls his people. With all his scholarship and restraint, both of which stamp these speeches, President Wilson as he appears in the addresses blends a portion of the spirit of the Hebrew prophets with that of Abraham Lincoln. He has something of Isaiah's confidence in Jehovah and loyalty to Him with much of Lincoln's trust in the plain people. No shallow optimism and no barren pessimism appear in these speeches, but a profoundly serious tone of warning and a jubilant appeal. They constitute for the people a sort of proclamation of emancipation from the rule of special interests.

Nature-lore for nature-lovers.

Mr. Clarence M. Weed, whose summer farm at Ellsworth, New Hampshire, affords him excellent opportunity for the study of New England plant and insect life, and who has travelled observantly in other parts of our broad land, contributes an unusually attractive and well-written as well as soundly-instructive volume to the literature of the woods and fields and of the abundant objects of interest there to be found. "Seeing Nature First" (Lippincott) begins with a preface in which it is contended that an acquaintance with the flora and fauna of one's own country "not only opens up new fields of thought and effort at home, but also gives the best sort of preparation for travel abroad." The nature-studies presented in the succeeding chapters are grouped chronologically under the four seasons of the year, beginning with spring, and are about equally divided between plant-life and insect-life. As an instance of the author's carefulness of observation, the following passage on the closed gentian may be quoted: "The flowers are completely closed, a fact which led John Burroughs in one of his delightful essays to suggest that it does not receive insect visitors. But the worker bumblebees could tell you better, for they have learned how to pry open the mouth of the blossom and enter for the nectar at its base, where they circle around the flower in a way to come in contact with both stamens and pistil. And they also can tell from the color of the blossom whether it is young and nectar-bearing." But how can one be sure that it is the color and not some other sign, perceptible perhaps only to insect sense, that guides the bee to the nectar-bearing blossoms? Useful to New Englanders are the pages devoted to the gypsy and the brown-tail moths, those pests that have lately cost the tax-payer so many thousands of dollars. The story of Leopold Trouvelet and his unfortunate attempt to produce silk from gypsy-moth culture at Medford, Massachusetts — whence sprang an Iliad of woes — might appropriately have found a place in Mr. Weed's account of the pest as a recent importation from Europe. Numerous and excellent illustrations (two in color), from photographs and from drawings by Mr. W. I. Beecroft, enrich the volume, which could be made still more useful, in any subsequent issue, by the addition of an index.

The "Tenth Muse" in her island home.

It is hardly possible to say anything new about Sappho and her divine lyrics; but it was a happy thought of Dr. Mary Mills Patrick, President of Constantinople College, "to reproduce the famous poetess in the picturesque island of Lesbos." The chapter on Mitylene is wholly delightful; and the author is to be envied for her charming experiences among scenes where "one hears the name of Sappho spoken on every hand, both in reference to the poet, of whom all the island is still proud, and to her namesakes, of whom there are so many that it is perhaps not too much to say that there is one in every family." Other chapters treat of the age, life, and work of Sappho; and the eighth contains a good translation of the fragments, including those recently discovered in Egypt. Throughout the book Dr. Patrick's treatment is colored by a roseate optimism that excites admiration and envy, even when one is compelled to question or deny. This virtue, or defect, is seen particularly in her insistence that Sappho's poetry is to be interpreted as the work of an absolutely impeccable model of propriety, the irreproachable headmistress of an Academy of Music and Poetry, where the gentlest and sweetest of Greek maidens were trained to tread the shining paths of serene culture and pious purity. This view represents an idealising development of Welcker's belief, announced about a century ago, and is supported by the weighty name of Von Ulrich von Wilamowitz-Moellendorf, assuredly one of the greatest authorities of the century. But the reviewer is unchivalrously skeptical. It is dangerous to read a fine Lutheran sense of chastity, or a lofty New England Puritanism, into the erotic poetry of Greece written during the seventh and sixth centuries before our era; and the judgment of classical antiquity about the Lesbian nightingale was strikingly unanimous on the other side. However, the lyrics themselves are the important thing; and as to their merits the world of letters is absolutely at one. Among the twenty-six illustrations that form a valuable feature of the book are included many antique representations of Sappho; but even from this excellent collection the reader will turn away with the feeling that he has gained no clearer picture of her features than he might make for himself from her own verses and the olden tales of her charm and beauty. The volume is legibly printed, simply and pleasingly bound, and tastefully presented in general. (Houghton Mifflin Co.)

Anglo-Saxon control of the Pacific.

Ever since the prophetic utterance of William H. Seward, in the middle of the last century, thoughtful publicists have pondered over the future of the Pacific. One of the latest of these is Mr. Frank Fox, news editor of the London "Morning Post," whose "Problems of the Pacific" (Small, Maynard & Co.) indicates the great questions which are soon to arise in this region and also endeavors to point out their solution. It is his belief that "on the bosom of the Pacific will be decided, in peace or in war, the next great struggle of civilization, which will give as its prize the supremacy of the world. Shall it go to the White Race or the Yellow Race? If to the White Race, will it be under the British flag or the flag of the United States, or of some other nation? That is the problem of the Pacific." In the effort to solve this problem he studies in turn, in sketchy fashion, all the countries which lie about this great ocean. And in other chapters he compares their armies and navies, and comments on their industrial position. His final conclusion is "that friendly coöperation between the United States and Great

Britain would give to the Anglo-Saxon race the mastery of the world's greatest ocean, laying for ever the fear of the Yellow Peril, securing for the world that its greatest readjustment of the balance of power shall be effected in peace: but that rivalry between these two kindred nations may cause the greatest evils, and possibly irreparable disasters." This conclusion is very gratifying to Anglo-Saxons, yet it cannot be said that Mr. Fox has argued his case as convincingly as might be demanded. Perhaps the limits of the volume precluded this. Nor is the necessity for the "mastery" of the Pacific made clear. To-day no nation seems to be "master," and yet commerce thrives and peace prevails. Only the other day an American professor demonstrated, to his own satisfaction at least, that the coöperation of the United States and Japan would "prevent any intruders from disturbing the balance of power in the Pacific." And a fairly good brief might be held for China, provided the hour of achievement were set sufficiently in the future. It is a great pity that Mr. Fox's volume, which is so readable throughout, suffers from an unusual number of errors in the statement of facts, some thirty-five having been noticed by the present reviewer.

A Yankee in England in the summer of 1815.

London of a century ago, as seen by a young Bostonian of alert observation and no inconsiderable powers of vivid description, is presented in the travel-journal of Joseph Ballard, now first published, in a limited edition, by the Houghton Mifflin Company. Other parts of England were also visited by Ballard, as is noted on the title-page, as follows: "England in 1815, as Seen by a Young Boston Merchant: Being the Reflections and Comments of Joseph Ballard on a Trip through Great Britain in the Year of Waterloo." Liverpool, where he landed, Manchester, Leeds, Birmingham, Stratford-on-Avon, Woodstock, Chester, and a few places in Wales, were included in his itinerary. Ingenuous and amusing are many of the comments of the diarist, who was but twenty-six years old on this his first visit to Europe. He speaks of the "most magnificent and sublime sight" of hundreds of "black fish" sporting in the waves and resembling a drove of hogs — evidently porpoises. A steam engine at Leeds, drawing a train of loaded coal-cars, naturally interested him. A stage-coach journey from London to Leeds, at the rate of eight and one-third miles an hour, is described as performed "with almost incredible swiftness"—"a velocity with which I desire never to travel again." The report of Napoleon's defeat at Waterloo made London "one continual scene of uproar and joy." A call upon the American Minister, John Quincy Adams, "meanly lodged" in Harley Street, affords matter for description and comment. Manners and customs are everywhere noted with an observant eye for the novel and the characteristic. Theatres, public buildings, glimpses of royalty, ceremonial functions —all these and other topics likely to find a place in wide-awake young Yankee's journal in such circumstances contribute to the varied interest of his pages. A descendant of Ballard, Mr. Joseph Ballard Crocker, supplies useful footnotes and a biographical introduction to the book.

A history of Greek philosophy.

With the appearance of the fourth and final volume of Theodor Gomperz's "Greek Thinkers: A History of Ancient Philosophy" (Scribner) comes the news of the death of the author, which occurred just after he had corrected the final proofs of the English translation of this volume made by Mr. G. G. Berry of Oxford. The original design of the work was to provide a history of Greek thought, from its beginnings in the work of the nature-philosophers of Ionia, down to the beginning of the Christian era. But as the work progressed the author saw that this plan was impossible, and so restricted his design to the end of the first quarter of the third century before Christ,—the epoch, that is to say, when the development of the sciences reached a point where they could no longer be laid tributary by a single thinker to a systematic philosophy. The matter thus crowded out of the present work, dealing with Stoicism, Epicureanism, and Skepticism, the author had hoped to cover in another book to be entitled "The Philosophy of the Hellenistic Age," but on which he had made no progress at the time of his death. The loss of such a work is most regrettable, for Gomperz's history will be especially prized by the reader who wants a more detailed treatment of ancient philosophy than can be given in any of the single-volume histories such as Windelband's, and yet at the same time wishes to have a treatment less technical in design and more literary in finish and from a later viewpoint than some of the German classic treatments. The present volume of Gomperz's work is given over for the most part to the thought of Aristotle, only the final five out of forty-three chapters being devoted to his successors, Theophrastus of Eresus and Straton of Lampsacus. Of Aristotle, the author writes with sympathy tempered by criticism; his attitude toward the Aristotelian logic is appreciative, although he follows Mill in delimiting its functions; while his discussion of Aristotle's "katharsis" is both clear and suggestive.

Marie-Antoinette's first years in France.

The title, "Marie-Antoinette: Her Early Youth," which Lady Younghusband has chosen for her very thorough study of one period in the life of the unfortunate French queen, is accurate enough, perhaps, but likely to give a wrong impression. Marie-Antoinette's "youth," as here dealt with, is not her childhood, but the years immediately following. The book deals entirely with the four years between the marriage of the vivacious Austrian princess to the excellent but clumsy French Dauphin, and the death of the Dauphin's execrable grandfather. "The main object," of the work, in the words of the author, "was to unravel a nebulous, if highly attractive, personality, and to replace by a human

being the kind of lay figure which over-much indiscriminate reading had tended to produce." The effort has been crowned with a measure of success. In the centre of this foolish, feverish, and depraved society we catch now and then the regular beating of this one warm, pure, and honest heart; and this one child-matron's wholesomeness and sanity are all the more pleasing for the contrast with the conditions that surround them. Marie-Antoinette had faults, but they seem to have been pretty well summed up in the estimate of the brave and severe old Empress, her mother,—"*raillerie* and untidiness." Lady Younghusband marshalls her details with a catholic enthusiasm that reminds one of that delightful French historical "restorer" M. Lenôtre, although it is only now and then that she commands such a vivifying magic touch as his. The very universality of her interest is in her way, for it destroys all perspective and allows the reader's attention no rest. She cares quite as much for the watchful Austrian ambassador Mercy, even for the faithful but tiresome tutor-priest Vermond, as she does for the heroine herself, and tells us almost if not quite as much about them; and she finds it so difficult to let one charming character go until she has exhausted all her information concerning him, from his antecedents to his ultimate fate, that it is very difficult to keep a clear idea of the chronology. The book would be much more confusing still if it were not for the excellent index, which adds after the name of each person mentioned a sort of description enabling one to place him more easily, thus: "Bourbon, Duchesse de (daughter of Duc d'Orleans)," and "Bouret, Monsieur (Cabinet Secretary to Louis XV.)." The volume is published in handsome form by the Macmillan Co.

Some notable women of the middle ages.

Mrs. Alice Kemp-Welch, the author of "Six Mediæval Women" (Macmillan), a collection of essays some of which have already appeared in "The Nineteenth Century and After," is a keen and capable student of the past, bringing certain long-dead members of her sex back to life with remarkable skill, considering the very meagre data at her command. After a long introduction crammed with curious information, she takes up in chronological order six gifted women who lived between the tenth and the fifteenth centuries. The first one dealt with, the nun Roswitha of Gandersheim, in the Harz Mountains, has been treated by no other modern writer, and her biographer depends for information concerning her principally upon her own writings, of which the most important are six religious dramas. Almost or quite as unfamiliar to most of us is the Magdeburg Beguine Mechthild, whom this investigator shows writing passionate love-lyries addressed to her God as another might write poems to an earthly lover. Mahaut, Countess of Artois, a relative of St. Louis, and herself a philanthropist and a disinterested patron of various artistic and industrial endeavors, is portrayed as a remarkable example of virtue and culture in a corrupt and materialistic age. The other three names are better known: Marie de France, the Anglo-French love-poet whose influence over Chaucer, Scott, Goethe, and a host of lesser names is easily traceable; Christine de Pisan, the brave fifteenth-century blue-stocking and advocate of equal rights for women; and Agnes Sorel, the amiable mistress of Charles VII. The author's desire to make a heroine and a world-power of the lady last named has prompted some inferences to which the facts have not led other historians, and in general this chapter seems the least satisfactory of all. A concluding chapter on "Mediæval Gardens" is a prettily-flavored reminder that our forefathers loved trees and flowers quite as much as we do, even if in a different way.

William Blake as an engraver.

Mr. Archibald G. B. Russell's critical study and catalogue raisonné of "The Engravings of William Blake" (Houghton Mifflin Co.) is the fruit of many years of study and research by the foremost living authority on the work of that eccentric artist. To collectors of Blake's engravings it furnishes a much-needed guide. The catalogue is not only an exhaustive one, including a number of hitherto unknown engravings by Blake, some of them after his own designs, which have been discovered by Mr. Russell, but is made of exceptional value by the very full notes that are appended to each item described. The information given in these notes is of the most varied character; apparently nothing has been overlooked that can be of help to the student or the collector. The usual information about "states" is given; when necessary the subjects are described and the conditions under which the works were produced; the present ownership of drawings and the rarer prints is indicated, together with a multitude of other interesting details. In the critical study the story of Blake's life is told in compact form, his work as an engraver is reviewed, and his peculiar technical processes are described. Incidentally attention is called to the fact that "the great majority of the coloured drawings purporting to be Blake's original designs for his books are copies done *from* the books by other hands," and one of the well-known drawings in the Print Room at the British Museum is placed in this category by Mr. Russell. The illustrations to this book include a number of Blake's engravings which have not heretofore been reproduced, and also many of his most important works.

BRIEFER MENTION.

Professor John W. Cunliffe's "Early English Classical Tragedies" (Frowde) is a volume which gives us, with much editorial apparatus, the text of four plays: "Gorboduc," "Jocasta," "Gismond of Salerne," and "The Misfortunes of Arthur."

"The Case for Woman Suffrage" is a critically annotated bibliography of the subject prepared by Miss Margaret Ladd Franklin and published in New York City by the National College Equal Suffrage League.

The arrangement of entries is chronological by year of publication, and the classification is into books, plays, articles and periodicals, congressional reports, etc. Intended primarily for college women, its usefulness should extend among all who are interested in equal suffrage.

The series of "English Readings for Schools" (Holt) has just been increased by three volumes: "Franklin's Autobiography," edited by Mr. Frank Woodworth Pine; "Selections from Tennyson's Idyls of the King," edited by Professor John Erskine; and "Old Testament Narratives," edited by Professor George Henry Nettleton.

The amazingly erudite Rabbi Kaufmann Kohler, who was in charge of Sinai Temple in Chicago sometime in the seventies, afterwards officiated in New York, and has now for many years been president of the Hebrew Union College in Cincinnati, attained his seventieth birthday on May the tenth last, and in honor of the occasion, his colleagues have dedicated to him a volume of "Studies in Jewish Literature," which is published by Herr Georg Reimer, Berlin. Some of the papers are in German, but the majority are in English. Not the least striking feature of the work is the Kohler bibliography, which runs to eight hundred items.

One of the first volumes to appear under the imprint of Messrs. Sully & Kleinteich, a publishing-house recently established in New York City, is the manual, "How to Obtain Citizenship," prepared by Mr. Nathaniel C. Fowler, Jr. Brief and simply-worded directions are given in English, Italian, Yiddish, German, and French; and while no attempt has been made to include strictly technical terms or to unravel such complications as occasionally arise from faulty interpretation of the law, the book contains the essential directions for aliens or foreigners desiring citizenship of the United States. Two other useful manuals published at the same time are "The Art of Letter-writing," by the same author as the above, and "The Etiquette of To-day," by Miss Edith B. Ordway.

Mr. Orison Swett Marden's abounding optimism finds characteristic expression in another addition to the "Marden Efficiency Books," its subject this time being "The Joys of Living" (Crowell). The world-old principle that life holds for us just as much as we bring to it, that whether life is worth living depends on the liver, that the music of the song is in the ear of the hearer, is elaborated and illustrated with all Mr. Marden's well-known felicity of manner and richness of thought. "The whole world is full of unworked joy-mines," is his inspiriting assertion on an early page, and prospectors for the precious metal will find many a useful hint in his book. Without offering anything really new on his somewhat hackneyed theme, the author does well to call attention afresh to the supreme importance of the subjective element in the attainment of happiness.

Under the title, "The Making of To-Morrow" (Eaton & Mains), a handy volume packed with little nuggets of wisdom and advice has been made out of selections from Professor Shailer Mathews's editorial paragraphs contributed to "The World To-Day" during the eight years and more that he conducted that wide-awake and never uninteresting monthly. Under the general headings, "The Common Lot," "The Church and Society," "The Stirrings of a Nation's Conscience," and "The Extension of Democracy," are grouped two-score brief and pithy disquisitions on present-day tendencies, good and evil, in society, business, politics, international relations, the church and the school, and wherever else the discerning eye of this observant writer turned its gaze in quest of signs of the times. Even the game of baseball is turned to account by Dean Mathews in pointing his moral and adorning his tale. The book is timely and thoughtful and readable.

Two new volumes are just added to the "Country Home Library," a series of architectural books for the layman published by Messrs. McBride, Nast & Co. One is "The Dutch Colonial House" prepared by Mr. Aymar Embury, II., with the purpose of illustrating the applicability of old Dutch methods of architecture to modern construction, especially in designing the small country-home known as the "long, low house," now much in vogue. The other, Mr. Charles E. Hooper's "Reclaiming the Old House," gives detailed directions for properly incorporating present-day conveniences in the architecture of the old-time house without essentially disturbing its traditions or charm. A third volume, similar in size and appearance, is Mr. Alfred Hopkins's "Modern Farm Buildings," in which an experienced architect offers suggestions for the most approved ways of constructing stables, barns, and other farm buildings on practical, sanitary, and artistic lines.

Collected chiefly from periodicals in which they appeared some years ago, the pleasant sketches and studies of Mrs. Katharine Dooris Sharp's "Summer in a Bog" (Stewart & Kidd Co.) furnish agreeable and seasonable reading to amateur botanists and to nature-lovers in general. Miscellaneous local lore and neighborhood gossip, the latter in dialogue form with touches of dialect, two original poems, and frequent quotations in both prose and verse, with brief notes on botanists of greater or less distinction, make up the substance of the book. The bog referred to is, or was, in Madison County, Ohio, and its flora appears to have been rich and interesting. The attractiveness of Mrs. Sharp's volume would have been increased by a division of its contents into chapters with chapter-headings instead of the rather breathless arrangement (diversified, however, by page-headings and other devices) actually adopted. The writer's fellow-naturalists of her own State will especially enjoy the book.

A critical but appreciative summary of Eucken's religious teachings is contained in Professor Henry C. Sheldon's small volume entitled "Rudolf Eucken's Message to Our Age" (Eaton & Mains). The author has a very high appreciation of Eucken's philosophy in general, and especially is impressed with those features of it which emphasize the transcendental as well as the immanental nature of the spiritual realm. This spiritual realm, to Eucken, is equivalent with the reality which has always lain behind the term God; but Eucken uses the idea impersonally, and does not believe in the kind of God imagined by believers in what is known as a theodicy — that is, a governing of the world by God. Professor Sheldon softens down the refusal of Eucken to postulate a personal God by quotations from his writings in which Eucken does seem hospitable to the idea that some of the attributes of personality inhere in the divine. The author's main criticism of Eucken, which whole-souled followers of Eucken and other modernists will consider perhaps the most disappointing part of his little book, deals with the German philosopher's teachings about Christ. Eucken is "unitarian" in his position, and Professor Sheldon prefers the authority of the New Testament to the use of secular reason here. He also seems to deprecate Eucken's attitude toward the miraculous, which is probably even more agnostic than his present interpreter sees fit to admit.

Notes.

A translation, by Mr. Joseph McCabe, of Francisco Ferrer's "Origin and Ideals of the Modern School" will be published at once by Messrs. Putnam.

Rev. Cyrus Townsend Brady has in the press with Messrs. Dodd, Mead & Co. a new book entitled "The Fetters of Freedom." It discusses the trials of the early Christian church.

"The Magic Formula" is the title of a new volume of essays and studies by Professor L. P. Jacks, editor of "The Hibbert Journal." Messrs. Holt will publish the book early next autumn.

A new novel by Willa S. Cather, entitled "O Pioneers!" and dealing with the Scandinavian and Bohemian pioneers of the Middle West, will be issued early this month by Houghton Mifflin Co.

Two new novels announced for immediate issue by Messrs. Putnam are "The Thunderhead Lady," by Brian Read and Anna Fuller, and "An Unknown Lover," by Jessie de Horne Vaizey.

Three immediately forthcoming Dutton books are "The Big Game of Central and Western China," by Mr. H. F. Wallace; a biography of Arbella Stuart by Mr. B. C. Hardy; and "Industrial Warfare," by Messrs. Charles Watney and James A. Little.

The first issues of a new English weekly, "The New Statesman," have recently made their appearance. It is of the same form and general type as "The Nation" and "The Spectator," but its particular purpose is to deal with public affairs from the standpoint of a sane and practical collectivism. Mr. and Mrs. Sidney Webb and Mr. Bernard Shaw are actively interested in its conduct.

Dr. David Starr Jordan has resigned the presidency of Stanford University, which he has held since 1891, in order to devote more of his time to the furtherance of world peace. He will hold the office of Chancellor of the University, this position being created by the University for his especial benefit. John Casper Branner, professor of geology at Stanford since 1892, and Vice-President since 1899, will become President.

"Harper's Weekly," one of the oldest and most influential of the American weeklies, has been sold by Messrs. Harper & Brothers to "Norman Hapgood and associates." The announcement of sale was made on the 16th by Mr. George Harvey, president of the Harper Company, and editor of the Weekly. Mr. Hapgood, for many years editor of "Collier's," is sure to make of the old "Harper's Weekly" a force far more potent than it has ever been in the past.

The Thompson Brown Company, educational publishers, has conveyed to Messrs. E. P. Dutton & Co. title to all of its good will, contracts, copyrights, and other assets. It announces that the business established in 1844 and conducted uninterruptedly since then, will continue as a distinct department of Messrs. Dutton & Co. under the direction of Messrs. Burges Johnson and Edward S. Blagden. With this as a nucleus, it is planned to develop an educational publishing business of the highest character.

The first public library building planned especially for children's use is about to be erected as an addition to the library system of Brooklyn. It will stand in a section of the city where the house-builder and the stork are unusually active, and where consequently the juvenile patronage of the library is large. The Brooklyn librarian, it is also to be noted, has had the courage to condemn as "deadwood" 4,500 of the 730,000 volumes in his charge, and they will be disposed of either by gift or sale. These and other items of interest are to be found in the current yearly report of the Brooklyn Public Library.

Some three years ago the famous explorer, Dr. Sven Hedin, wrote an account in two volumes of his latest journeying under the title "Trans-Himalaya: Discoveries and Adventures in Tibet." It formed by general consent one of the most valuable and fascinating books of travel that had been issued for many years. Much interest will therefore be felt in the announcement that Dr. Hedin has completed a third volume of the work. As in the case of the earlier instalments, there will be a large number of illustrations from the author's own photographs and drawings. The book will be published shortly by Messrs. Macmillan.

Among the volumes soon to be published by the Columbia University Press in its series of "Studies in English and Comparative Literature" are: "Gnomic Poetry in Anglo-Saxon," by Blanche Colton Williams; "Aaron Hill," by Alice D. Brewster; "Learned Societies and Literary Scholarship," by Harrison Ross Steeves; and "Chaucer and the Roman de la Rose," by Dean S. Fansler. In the "Studies in Romance Philology and Literature" two new volumes are soon to appear,—"Uncle and Nephew in the Old French Chansons de Geste," by W. O. Farnsworth, and "Diderot as a Disciple of English Thought," by R. Loyalty Cru.

A valuable gift consisting of three thousand volumes of statistical literature, collected by Mr. John Hyde, formerly Chief of the Bureau of Statistics of the U. S. Department of Agriculture, has been presented by him to the Statistical Society of Japan, at Tokio, to serve as the substantial nucleus of a new collection that shall in time take the place of the one recently destroyed by fire after thirty-three years of diligent effort in getting it together. Mr. Hyde's collection contains official publications of fifty-two countries, printed in twelve different languages, and the transactions of most of the important statistical societies of the world for a long series of years; also many miscellaneous reference books. Baron Sakatani, former finance minister, has announced that the donor's name would be given to the library so generously presented by him.

Topics in Leading Periodicals.

June, 1913.

Adams, John Quincy, Letters of, from Russia . . *Century*
Adrianople, Fall of. Cyril Campbell . . . . . *Atlantic*
Advertising, A Study in. Edward M. Woolley . *McClure*
Americanisms, Linguistic Causes of. T. R. Lounsbury . . . . . *Harper*
Art and the Woman's Movement. Percy MacKaye *Forum*
Athens, Periclean, Ideals of. Charles Waldstein *No. Amer.*
Atom, Exploring the. Henry S. Williams . . . *Harper*
Banking System, Our National. W. De H. Washington . . . . . *Forum*
Benjamin, Judah P. Gamaliel Bradford, Jr. . . *Atlantic*
Boy, What to Do with a. Lyman B. Stowe *World's Work*
Bryan. William Bayard Hale . . . . . *World's Work*
Butler, Josephine, and the English Crusade. Anna G. Spencer . . . . . *Forum*
Buying, Judicious. Elizabeth C. Billings . . . *Atlantic*
Cayenne—the Dry Guillotine. C. W. Furlong . *Harper*
Chesterton as an Artist. Joseph B. Gilder . . *Bookman*
Coöperation. Erving Winslow . . . . *North American*

Decadence—What It Is. William A. Bradley . *Bookman*
Delphi and Olympia. Robert Hichens . . . . *Century*
Dutch Etchers, Some Modern. Cleveland Palmer *Bookman*
Educing and Traducing. Thomas P. Beyer . . . *Forum*
Elephant Round-up, An. D. P. B. Conkling . . *Century*
Elephants, Noosing Wild. Charles Moser . . . *Century*
England's Poor. John L. Mathews . . . . . *Harper*
English Friends—III. Charles Eliot Norton . . *Scribner*
Eyoub, Mosque of. Sydney Adamson . . . . . *Harper*
Freedom, The New—VI. Woodrow Wilson *World's Work*
Great Britain's Position in Europe. Sydney Brooks *N. Amer.*
Grub Street Problem, The. Algernon Tassin . *Bookman*
Hayes-Tilden Contest, The. G. F. Edmunds . . *Century*
Hayes-Tilden Contest, The. Henry Watterson . *Century*
Henry, O., Pictures of. Arthur W. Page . . . *Bookman*
Incas, Land of the. Ernest Peixotto . . . . . *Scribner*
Ireland, A Nation in—IV. Darrell Figgis . . . *Forum*
Japanese—Are They Mongolian? W. E. Griffis *No. Amer.*
Japanese Child, Training of a. Frances Little . . *Century*
Japanese in California. Chester H. Rowell *World's Work*
Japanese Overload, The. Don C. Seitz . *North American*
Left-handedness. Edwin T. Brewster . . . . *McClure*
London and Rural England. Arthur B. Maurice *Bookman*
Man and His Work, Adjustment of. B. J. Hendrick *McClure*
Memories, Early—V. Henry Cabot Lodge . . . *Scribner*
Middleton, Richard. Robert Shafer . . . . . *Forum*
Miracles, Ethics of. S. D. McConnell . . *North American*
Monroe Doctrine, The. Hiram Bingham . . . *Atlantic*
Montessori Movement in America. Ellen Y. Stevens . . . . . *McClure*
Negro, The, and the Labor Unions. Booker T. Washington . . . . . *Atlantic*
Novels that Sell 100,000. Arthur W. Page *World's Work*
Party Government a Failure. Frank Crane . . . *Forum*
Pera and Galata. H. G. Dwight . . . . . *Scribner*
Perry, Commodore, Legacy of. Homer Lea *No. American*
Poetry, Symbolistic, in France. W. A. Nitze . *No. Amer.*
Police System, New York's. George K. Turner . *McClure*
Public Health Campaign, Efficiency in the. C. E. A. Winslow . . . . . *North American*
Puns, A Paper of. Brander Matthews . . . . *Century*
Railway Industry, American. Edward S. Mead *Lippincott*
Religion, American, Hopes of. George A. Gordon *Atlantic*
Rome, the Mother City. Zephine Humphrey . . *Atlantic*
St. Bernard, The Great. Ernst von Hesse-Wartegg *Century*
School, Country, A Year in a. W. H. Hamby *World's Work*
Science and Mysticism. Havelock Ellis . . . . *Atlantic*
Sevillan Incidents. W. D. Howells . . . . . *Harper*
Sigiriya. Jennie Coker Gay . . . . . *Century*
Stock Exchange, The New York. H. K. Pomeroy . *Amer.*
Stock Market, The—II. Ida M. Tarbell . . . *American*
Trade Scouts. Lewis R. Freeman . . . . *World's Work*
Tyrol, New Passes in. C. L. Freeston . . . . *Scribner*
Wagner—If He Came Back. Henry T. Finck . *Century*
Walker, True, Joys of the. Walter P. Eaton . *American*
Whitlock, Brand, Autobiography of . . . . . *American*
Y. M. C. A., The. Lewis E. Theiss . . . *World's Work*
Yellow Peril, The Real. J. O. P. Bland . . . . *Atlantic*

List of New Books.

[The following list, containing 157 titles, includes books received by The Dial *since its last issue.]*

BIOGRAPHY AND REMINISCENCES.

Retrospections of an Active Life. By John Bigelow. Volumes IV. and V., illustrated, large 8vo. Doubleday, Page & Co. Per volume, $4. net.

Michelangelo: A Record of His Life as Told in His Own Letters and Papers. Translated and edited by Robert W. Carden. Illustrated, 8vo, 335 pages. Houghton Mifflin Co. $3. net.

Makers of British Botany: A Collection of Biographies by Living Botanists. Edited by F. W. Oliver. With photogravure portrait, 8vo, 332 pages. G. P. Putnam's Sons. $3. net.

Thomas Jefferson: His Permanent Influence on American Institutions. By John Sharp Williams. 12mo, 330 pages. Columbia University Press.

Silas Deane: A Connecticut Leader in the American Revolution. By George L. Clark. With portrait, 8vo, 286 pages. G. P. Putnam's Sons. $1.50 net.

A Mere Woman. By Vera Nikto. 12mo, 305 pages. D. Appleton & Co. $1.25 net.

Addison Broadhurst, Master Merchant: The Intimate History of a Man Who Came Up from Failure. By Edward Mott Woolley. 12mo, 278 pages. Doubleday, Page & Co. $1.25 net.

Godoy: The Queen's Favorite. By Edmund B. D'Auvergne. Illustrated in photogravure, etc., large 8vo, 330 pages. Richard G. Badger.

The Conquest: The Story of a Negro Pioneer. By the Pioneer. With portrait, 12mo, 311 pages. Lincoln: Woodruff Press.

GENERAL LITERATURE.

The Pathos of Distance: A Book of a Thousand and One Moments. By James Huneker. 12mo, 394 pages. Charles Scribner's Sons. $2. net.

Works of Richard Middleton. Including: The Ghost-Ship, and Other Stories; The Day before Yesterday; Poems and Songs. In 4 volumes, 12mo. Mitchell Kennerley.

Court Masques of James I.: Their Influence on Shakespeare and the Public Theatres. By Mary Sullivan, Ph.D. Illustrated, 8vo, 259 pages. G. P. Putnam's Sons. $3. net.

Zones of the Spirit (Das Blau-Buch): A Book of Thoughts. By August Strindberg; translated from the Swedish by Claud Field, M.A., with Introduction by Arthur Babillotte. 12mo, 293 pages. G. P. Putnam's Sons. $1.25 net.

Some of the Many Good Reasons for Reading. By John Cotton Dana. Large 4to. Newark: Privately printed.

What Can Literature Do for Me? By C. Alphonso Smith. 12mo, 228 pages. Doubleday, Page & Co. $1. net.

Richard Brome: A Study of His Life and Works. By Clarence Edward Andrews. 8vo, 140 pages. "Yale Studies in English." Henry Holt & Co. $1.25 net.

DRAMA AND VERSE.

Tales of the Mermaid Tavern. By Alfred Noyes. Illustrated, 12mo, 234 pages. F. A. Stokes Co. $1.35 net.

Gabrielle, and Other Poems. By Martha Gilbert Dickinson Bianchi. 12mo, 141 pages. Duffield & Co.

The Garden of Desire: Love Sonnets to a Spanish Monk. By Edna Worthley Underwood. 12mo, 32 pages. Mitchell Kennerley.

Myself and I. By Fannie Stearns Davis. 12mo, 129 pages. Macmillan Co. $1. net.

Wayside Idyls. By Henry C. Graves. 12mo, 151 pages. Sherman, French & Co. $1. net.

To the Lost Friend: A Sonnet-Sequence. From the French of Auguste Angellier, by Mildred J. Knight and Charles R. Murphy. 12mo, 122 pages. Sherman, French & Co. $1. net.

The Book of Job: The Poetic Portion Versified, with an Introductory Essay and Explanatory Notes. By Home B. Sprague, Ph.D. 16mo, 243 pages. Sherman, French & Co. $1.25 net.

Ancient Gems in Modern Settings: Being Versions of the Greek Anthology in English Rhyme by Various Writers. Edited by G. B. Grundy, D.Litt. 18mo, 392 pages. Oxford: B. H. Blackwell.

Turandot, Princess of China: A Chinoiserie in Three Acts. By Karl Wollmoeller; translated from the Chinese by Jethro Bithell. 12mo, 128 pages. Duffield & Co. $1. net.

Poems. By Herbert Kaufman. 12mo, 96 pages. George H. Doran Co. 75 cts. net.

Perceptions of Robert Bowman Peck. 12mo, 48 pages. London: Elkin Mathews.

Aurora, and Other Poems. By Laura A. Whitmore. 12mo, 171 pages. Sherman, French & Co. $1.25 net.

A Looking-Glass. By Gertrude Skinner. 12mo, 257 pages. Sherman, French & Co. $1.25 net.

Beginnings. By Roger Heath. 12mo, 62 pages. Oxford: B. H. Blackwell.

Untravelled Paths (Sentiers Inexplorés). By Phoebe Dana Kellog; translated from the French by Sizelle. 12mo, 120 pages. Paris: E. Sansot et Cie.

Sakuntala: An Indian Drama. By Kalidasa; translated by W. H. Ryder. 12mo, 216 pages. "Everyman's Library." E. P. Dutton & Co. 35 cts. net.

Scorpio (Sonnets). By J. A. Chaloner. 12mo, 49 pages. Roanoke Rapids: Palmetto Press. $1.50 net.

Lyrics from a Library. By Clinton Scollard. 12mo, 48 pages. New York: George William Browning. $1.

Alms for Oblivion. By Pegram Dargan. Large 8vo, 372 pages. New Orleans: Privately Printed.

NEW EDITIONS OF STANDARD LITERATURE.

Loeb Classical Library. Edited by T. E. Page, M.A., and W. H. D. Rouse, Litt.D. New volumes: Sophocles, with an English translation by F. Storr, B.A. Volume I.; Apollonius Rhodius' The Argonautica, with an English translation by R. C. Seaton, M.A.; Appian's Roman History, with an English translation by Horace White, LL.D., Volume I.; The Greek Bucolic Poets, with an English translation by J. M. Edmonds; Cicero's Letters to Atticus, with an English translation by E. O. Winstedt, M.A., Volume I.; each 12mo. Macmillan Co. Per volume, $1.50 net.

The Troublesome Reign of King John: Being the Original of Shakespeare's "Life and Death of King John." Edited by F. J. Furnivall and John Munro. With photogravure frontispiece, 16mo, 186 pages. Duffield & Co.

Life and Adventures of Audubon, the Naturalist. By Robert Buchanan. 12mo, 335 pages. "Everyman's Library." E. P. Dutton & Co. 35 cts. net.

Works of Gilbert Parker. Imperial Edition. Volumes XI.-XIV. Each with photogravure frontispiece, 8vo. Charles Scribner's Sons. Per volume, $2. net. (Sold only by subscription.)

FICTION.

The Inside of the Cup. By Winston Churchill. Illustrated, 12mo, 513 pages. Macmillan Co. $1.50 net.

Fortitude: Being a True and Faithful Account of the Education of an Adventurer. By Hugh Walpole. 12mo, 484 pages. George H. Doran Co. $1.40 net.

Wilsam. By S. C. Nethersole. 12mo, 494 pages. Macmillan Co. $1.35 net.

Mr. Pratt's Patients. By Joseph C. Lincoln. Illustrated, 12mo, 345 pages. D. Appleton & Co. $1.30 net.

Mrs. Red Pepper. By Grace S. Richmond. Illustrated, 12mo, 339 pages. Doubleday, Page & Co. $1.25 net.

Married: Twenty Stories of Married Life. By August Strindberg; translated from the Swedish by Ellie Schleussner. 12mo, 412 pages. John W. Luce & Co. $1.40 net.

Dying Fires. By Allan Monkhouse. 12mo, 309 pages. George H. Doran Co. $1.20 net.

Hagar Revelly. By Daniel Carson Goodman. 12mo, 428 pages. Mitchell Kennerley. $1.35 net.

The Ambition of Mark Truitt. By Henry Russell Miller. 12mo, 454 pages. Bobbs-Merrill Co. $1.35 net.

Isabel: A Romance of the Northern Trail. By James Oliver Curwood. With frontispiece, 12mo, 281 pages. Harper & Brothers. $1.25 net.

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